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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
Volume LXXVIII. }

No. 2501.— June 4, 1892.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXIII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
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## CROCUSES.

YELLOW and purple and white,  
Snow-white and lilac and gold,  
Crocuses, my crocuses,  
Peering up from the mould;  
These like fingers of flame,  
These in a raiment of snow,  
And these of the dusky hue of thoughts  
Cherished from long ago.

Last year, last month, last week,  
My patch of garden was bare,  
No glimmer of green or gleam of gold  
Or sign of life was there;  
It was only this morning early  
That Spring came by this way,  
And the girls she leaves for a token  
Were only mine to-day.

She delayed and delayed her coming,  
For March was fierce and strong,  
The bitter wind of his fury  
Kept Winter here too long;  
But at last this golden morning  
Stirred every patient wing,  
And down the shaft of a sunbeam  
Glided the gentle Spring.

Hark, how the sparrows twitter,  
For joy of the warmer sun!  
They began their mating a month ago,  
And their nesting will soon be done;  
But the thrush has a gladder welcome,  
Which he'll sing in the mellow eves,  
I have heard him trying it over  
In the trees forlorn of leaves.

Forlorn? Not now, nor ever,  
Since Spring is here again,  
And crocuses, my crocuses,  
Herald her happy reign;  
Yellow and white and purple,  
Snow-white, blue-veined, and gold,  
The signs of a new possession  
That is old as the world is old, —

New life, new love, new leafage,  
Forever old and young,  
In all the flowers that open,  
In all the songs that are sung;  
And hers is the beautiful mission  
To blossom and bloom and sing,  
My crocus-bringer, my passion,  
The Maid of the Months, the Spring.  
Spectator.      GEORGE COTTERELL.

## THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

LET us never go back — though we long  
For the past; never more, never more!  
All is changed, all is lost, all is dead. We  
should wrong  
The old house, if we darkened the door.  
Wrong ourselves too — our bright vanished  
years —  
The romance of our childhood! Oh, no;

Let us never return! In our sleep, through  
our tears,  
Let us see the old home. Only so!

How we loved it — each beam and each stone!  
How we loved the green fields, the great  
trees,  
And the pool, and the slow dreamy cows!  
What is gone,  
What is left, what is changed, of all these?  
All is changed; all is changed! — for the  
dear,  
Loving dead, who illumined the place,  
Have been laid under daisies and grass many  
a year!  
What is home, if it lacked the loved face?

Let us never go back! The old years,  
The old homestead have vanished. No  
more  
Shall we see them at all save in sleep, through  
our tears.  
We shall never more darken the door.

But the sunset forever shall gleam  
On the window-panes, there where it stands  
In the wood-muffled meadows — the house of  
a dream,  
A fair dwelling not fashioned with hands.  
Good Words.      WILLIAM SAVAGE.

## FAIRY GOLD.

I HAVE so sweet a song to sing  
That, could I voice it forth aright,  
The world would thrill with wild delight,  
As at the coming of the Spring.

There is a music in my brain  
Which leaps and throbs the whole day  
long;  
Now poised upon the brink of song,  
Yet ever falling back again.

I have a tale so strange to tell  
That, could I shape it into words,  
The music of the summer-birds  
Would silent fall beneath its spell.

And sometimes in a dream there comes,  
To heart and tongue, the living fire,  
And all the hosts of my desire  
Sweep forth with trumpets and with drums;

With silver bugle-notes, and gleam  
Of gay, plumed squadrons forward hurled,  
To bear through all the wakening world  
The joy and beauty of my dream.

All that my heart in dreams achieves  
The Fates, relentless, still withhold,  
And whirl my store of fairy gold  
At breath of dawn to withered leaves.  
DUNCAN ROBERTSON.

Longman's Magazine.

From The National Review.  
THE QUEEN IN POLITICS.

A CONTROVERSY to which it is not necessary to make minute reference here has raised the question of the part played by the queen in the conduct of public business. The common idea, which according to Mr. Bagehot prevailed in his youth among the peasantry of Somersetshire, was that the sovereign did everything. The extension of popular education and the diffusion of general enlightenment have led to the precisely opposite impression, that the sovereign does nothing. The ignorance which is half knowledge is often as misleading as the lie that is half a truth. Her Majesty, like the queen of the nursery rhyme, is supposed to spend her time "eating bread and honey," or in some employment as remote from public concern. "They that wear soft raiment are in king's houses," and their function is to be the wearers of soft raiment. Macaulay in one of his essays describes the street-porter's view of the ministerial crisis which, when he wrote, was occupying the public mind. "So Lord Goderich says: 'I cannot manage this business; I must go out.' So the king says, says he, 'Well, then, I must send for the Duke of Wellington—that's all.'"<sup>\*</sup> If the ministerial crisis of 1880 were described with a similar Herodotean simplicity, according to the now prevalent conception of a ministerial crisis, the supposed conversation would run thus: "So Lord Beaconsfield says, 'Those elections have gone against me,' he says, 'and there's no use in my trying to stop in any longer. You must send for Lord Hartington,' he says. So the queen says, 'May not I send for Mr. Gladstone, or, at any rate, for Lord Granville?' 'No,' says Lord Beaconsfield; 'you must send for Lord Hartington; he's your man.' 'Well, then,' she says, 'I suppose I must, since you say so.'" It seems to be commonly believed that the sovereign is simply a pageant out of doors, and a puppet in what used to be called the closet; that she cannot come to a decision without taking somebody's advice, and that then she must come to the decision

which she is advised to adopt; that she cannot take a step without leaning upon somebody's arm, and can move only as she is moved. So far as I have seen, all the journals, with the single exception of the *Saturday Review*, which took part in the controversy about the ministerial change of 1880, assumed that Lord Beaconsfield was by constitutional necessity and moral depravity the prime mover in what was represented as an intrigue for the exclusion of Mr. Gladstone from office. He therefore recommended the queen—not merely to ignore Mr. Gladstone, but—to pass over Lord Granville, whose devotion to his old chief was well known, and to send for Lord Hartington, a man younger than either of them, and of less experience in public affairs and in the functions of a Parliamentary leader. The recommendation of the out-going minister, according to this view of the working of our political system, is practically an instruction which the sovereign has no alternative but to act upon.

This grotesque conception of the office of the monarch, during the period which intervenes between the resignation of one minister and the appointment of another, is probably due to the misinterpretation of two current phrases. "The queen reigns, but does not govern." But this does not mean that she takes no part in the government. The Houses of Parliament legislate, but do not govern, though they, and one of them more particularly, have a good deal to do with the government. The other misleading words are "ministerial responsibility"—misleading because they are applied to a state of things in which ministerial responsibility has necessarily ceased to exist. The right of advising the sovereign depends on the minister having the confidence of the majority of the House of Commons, to which he is responsible for the advice he gives, and for such action as may be taken upon it "the queen can do no wrong." But the minister whose resignation has been tendered and accepted, though he still holds office in order to carry on the routine of administration until his successor shall be appointed, has from the nature of the case forfeited (or, if his resignation follows on

<sup>\*</sup> Macaulay: *Miscellaneous Writings* (ed. 1865), p. 108.

a general election or on an adverse vote in the new Parliament, failed to win) the confidence of the House of Commons. It would be an usurpation on his part, calling for rebuke, and perhaps for Parliamentary censure, if he presumed, in his character of ministerial *locum tenens* or care-taker, to tender his unasked advice to the sovereign. Lord Beaconsfield was too good a courtier to fail in deference to the autocracy of the queen in the single incident of the royal office to which the word autocracy can be applied. His monarchical doctrine was too high to permit him to intrude upon ground which is reserved for the sovereign alone, even if his acquaintance with English history and politics did not suffice to guard him from the mistake in etiquette and constitutional usage which is attributed to him. Of course, the queen, if she had chosen, might have asked for his opinion, as the privy councillor and peer at the moment nearest to her, in both capacities constitutionally entitled to counsel her. But she was neither bound to ask for it nor bound to take it if given. Proximity, it is true, goes for something, and close and first-hand acquaintance with affairs. But, after allowing for these things, it may perhaps be said that the outgoing prime minister is the very last person whose opinion ought to be taken, because, even if we attribute to him the most chivalrous sense of duty to his sovereign and his country, it is scarcely possible that he should completely lay aside the personal feelings generated by conflict, and the instinct of a political leader to do the best for his party and the worst, or at any rate only the second best, for his opponents. The idea that the outgoing prime minister authoritatively recommends to the sovereign the statesman for whom she shall send — that is to say, that he practically nominates his successor, and in so doing decides the character and to a great extent the personal composition of the new Cabinet, — is almost too absurd for statement, though it seems not to be too absurd for general belief. The Emperor Napoleon might almost as naturally have been trusted with the selection of the commander of the English forces; in which case, we may be sure, the Duke of

Wellington would not have fought at Waterloo, nor would there have been any Waterloo to be lost and won.

It is the right and duty of the queen, if the situation is not perfectly clear to her own mind, to seek further information from the knowledge, and light from the sagacity, of persons supplied with either, whether they be peers, or privy councillors, or mere observers of affairs. But, though these persons may enlarge or correct the sovereign's materials for judgment, the judgment is hers alone. This is true, as Mr. Gladstone has pointed out, of the ordinary exercise of sovereignty, in which the queen is sheltered by the responsibility of her ministers. But there is one exception, he goes on to say, to the sovereign's right of free counsel, an exception which does not admit of being reduced to a formula, but which, in practice, is easily recognized, and on which right feeling and a sense of the becoming will act with infallible discernment. It would not be proper for the queen to prepare herself for those discussions with her ministers which contribute as much, perhaps, as the deliberations of the Cabinet to the shaping of public policy, by taking counsel with the leaders of the Opposition.\* If this limitation be reasonable with respect to the ordinary conduct of business under a settled administration, it is certainly not less valid at that critical moment when the character of an administration is definitely determined by the selection of the statesman who is to form it and preside over it. The absurdity, already dwelt upon, of the doctrine that the outgoing prime minister has practically the nomination of his successor is deducible from the general doctrine that the queen should not take counsel with the leaders of the Opposition upon the measures and policy of her ministers. Nor is there any necessity that she should do so. Her Majesty has probably a much better knowledge of the characters and capacities of the eminent statesmen who have been her confidential servants than they have of each other. She knows Mr. Gladstone probably better than Lord Beaconsfield did. She under-

\* Gladstone's *Gleanings of Past Years*, vol. i., p. 73.

stood Lord Beaconsfield, it may reasonably be assumed, more thoroughly than Mr. Gladstone was able to do. The colloquies of the closet are more confidential than the conversations of political rivals behind the speaker's chair, — to say nothing of debate and dialogue across the table. The queen, after more than half a century of sovereignty, must have as just an appreciation of the position of the leading politicians in Parliament, of their relations to each other, to the several sections of their respective parties, and to those parties as a whole, of their influence in the House of Commons independently of party, and their authority in the country, as the venerable father of the House himself, or any other Parliamentary veteran.

To use Mr. Gladstone's words: "The sovereign, as compared with her ministers, has, because she is the sovereign, the advantages of long experience, wide survey, elevated position, and entire disconnection from the bias of party."\* This experience, at once continuous and infinitely varied, is a training for the conduct of public business which, except the queen herself, no person in her realm has or can have. It qualifies her for "the exercise of a direct and personal influence in the whole work of government," for which (to use once more Mr. Gladstone's words) the admirable arrangements of the Constitution, completely shielding her from personal responsibility, have left ample scope.† This participation applies to the ordinary working of the political machine. If the queen cannot bring the ministers to her way of thinking, and they possess the confidence of the House of Commons, and presumably of the country, she will acquiesce in their proposals. Oftener, perhaps, than is suspected, there is a process of give-and-take, and a reasonable harmony is established, more closely corresponding to the intentions of both parties to it than the unreconciled proposals of either. The late Lord Derby bore public testimony in the House of Lords to the great and beneficial influence which the queen had exercised on public affairs in the discharge of those duties of her office which Mr. Glad-

stone describes in the essay from which we have quoted a few sentences.\* The prime minister and the foreign secretary, even when they are not one and the same person, are usually supposed to possess a sort of joint dictatorship in foreign affairs, which is practically a single dictatorship wielded by that minister who is the stronger of the two. When the foreign minister was the elder Pitt, the younger Fox, Castlereagh, Canning, or Palmerston, the premiership of Newcastle, Devonshire, Rockingham, Portland, Liverpool, and Grenville gave no real supremacy. Lord Palmerston in our own days was supreme at the Foreign Office under Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, and, until their quarrel, Lord John Russell. On the other hand, such first ministers as the younger Pitt and Canning, Wellington, and Lord Palmerston were practically foreign ministers also, though they did not ostensibly combine the two offices. The Cabinet, if we are to believe complaints sometimes heard, is often as much in the dark while foreign policy is being shaped as the House of Commons itself. But, as Mr. Morley points out in his essay on the Cabinet, which forms, perhaps, the most interesting chapter of his sketch of Walpole, the queen can appeal from the prime minister, or any other minister, to the Cabinet as a whole, and did so in the troubled period of 1859-61.† This salutary recourse by the sovereign to a sort of ministerial *referendum* calling into life the suspended authority of the Cabinet as a whole, probably saved England from the recognition of the Southern States, as a few years later it may have prevented the participation of this country in a war against the two great German powers in behalf of Denmark. But in these cases, as in others analogous, it was not the mere will of the sovereign which prevailed against the first minister or the foreign minister, but her superior discernment and prudence, acting on and through the Cabinet. Independent kingship in England, Mr. Gladstone says, died when George IV. surrendered his personal opposition to the Roman Catholic

\* Gladstone's *Gleanings*, p. 41.

† Ibid.

\* Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. CXX., p. 103.

† Morley's *Walpole*, p. 159.



Relief Act.\* It is sometimes said that it revived under his brother in 1834, when William IV. dismissed the ministry of Lord Melbourne, which was still in possession of a majority of the House of Commons, and sent "the hurried Hudson" to summon Sir Robert Peel from Italy. Though holding that the king's conduct was unwise, as the result proved it to be, Mr. Gladstone denies that it put any strain on the Constitution, inasmuch as it was an appeal from the ministry to the country.† On similar grounds Mr. Albert Dicey has vindicated the action of George III., in 1783, in dismissing the Coalition and calling Mr. Pitt to power. It is quite possible that a leader of the Opposition in our day might hold that the queen would not put any strain on the Constitution if she were to dismiss a minister who, though still retaining a majority in the House of Commons, might seem, on the evidence of bye-elections and on other grounds, to have lost the confidence of the country. It may be doubtful whether Lord Salisbury would have disapproved this intervention of the sovereign in 1884, or whether Mr. Gladstone would not have found it as constitutional in 1891 or '92 as he believes it to have been in 1834.

Whatever may be the limits and conditions of the queen's authority in the ordinary processes of government, it is without limits and conditions other than those imposed by good sense and a regard for the public well-being — an understanding, in one word, of the political situation — in the interval between the resignation of one minister and the summoning of his destined successor. "The whole power of the State" (to quote Mr. Gladstone once more) "periodically returns on to the royal hands when a ministry is changed."‡ A passage in Sir Robert Peel's speech in 1846 is classical and has passed into textbooks of the Constitution. For that reason, though it is, or ought to be, well known, it is worth while to cite it. Correcting the statements of the newspapers that on his resignation he had advised her Majesty to send for Lord John Russell, he said: "I offered no opinion as to the choice of a successor. That is almost the only act which is the personal act of the sovereign; it is for the sovereign to determine in whom her confidence shall be placed."§ In the ministerial complications of 1850, Lord John Russell, writing

to the prince consort, expresses his satisfaction at the fact that the action of the queen has been such as to remove the danger, which he apprehended, "that the prerogative of the crown might pass to the House of Commons."\* The theory that the prerogative of the crown has passed to the leader of the Opposition, which has survived for nearly half a century the formal contradiction given by Sir Robert Peel, has been sufficiently refuted. There is more plausibility in the contention that it has passed to the House of Commons. The prime minister, it is said, is practically though indirectly nominated by the Parliamentary majority. It would be more correct to say that since 1863 he is practically though indirectly nominated by the country; for it is the habit of the prime minister, since Mr. Disraeli set the example, to recognize at once his defeat at the polls and not to wait for a formal vote of want of confidence in the new House of Commons. Normally, there are two parties in the State, each with its recognized chief, who is the natural and inevitable head of any administration, drawn from the party to which he belongs. He must more than any other command the confidence of the majority of the House of Commons, though this does not necessarily involve his being a member of the House of Commons. The selection of the late Lord Derby and of the Marquis of Salisbury was made in conformity with this rule quite as much as the choice of Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone. Ordinarily the appointment makes itself. There is usually one statesman who is first, with all the rest nowhere. But there are emergencies in which this automatic action of the Constitution fails. The first instance in the present reign was in the year 1850, when Lord Palmerston avenged himself on Lord John Russell's ejection of him from the Foreign Office by putting him in a minority on the Militia Bill. Lord John Russell resigned; the late Lord Derby (then Lord Stanley), Lord Aberdeen, and Lord John himself failed to construct a new, or to reconstruct the old, administration; and the queen had recourse to the advice of the Duke of Wellington. The problem which had to be solved was submitted to the duke in a memorandum, which is a State paper of a high order, in substance and by adoption, and in some measure probably in authorship the queen's.† The history of the

\* Gladstone's Gleanings, vol. i., p. 38.

† Gleanings, vol. i., pp. 38 and 78.

‡ Gleanings, vol. i., p. 88.

§ Hansard, vol. lxxxiii., p. 1004.

\* Sir Theodore Martin's Life of the Prince Consort, vol. ii., p. 349.

† Life of the Prince Consort, vol. ii., pp. 346-354.

negotiations shows how real and vital is the action of the crown when the most critical task in the conduct of public business has to be performed. President Lincoln's well-known advice not to swop horses in crossing a stream is sound, perhaps, in American politics. A ministerial crisis, usually occurring when great issues are involved, is in its essence the swopping of horses while crossing a stream; and the exchange, sometimes at least, requires great skill and management.

In 1852, on the resignation of Lord Derby, her Majesty, instead of submitting to the recommendation of the outgoing minister as to the choice of his successor, acted upon her own clear and sagacious discernment of the situation. "The queen felt that the time had now come for the formation of a strong administration, and for closing the unsatisfactory epoch of government upon sufferance which had resulted from the disorganization of parties since 1846."\* With that view she asked for the counsels of Lord Aberdeen and Lord Lansdowne, men who though members respectively of the Conservative and the Liberal parties, can scarcely be considered partisans. In 1859 there was an embarrassment of another kind. The defeat of Lord Derby's second administration made a Liberal administration inevitable. The Liberal party had two chiefs, each of whom had been prime minister and led the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell agreed that in the event of either being sent for by the queen the other would serve under him. The queen, however, was uninformed of this understanding, and, being unwilling to subordinate either of these veteran statesmen to the other, entrusted Lord Granville with the task of forming an administration, which Lord John and Lord Palmerston were invited — not by Lord Granville only, but by the queen herself in autograph letters — to join. Lord Palmerston, with a generosity not less admirable because it was doubtless accompanied by a confidence that his own ascendancy in the Cabinet did not depend upon his titular primacy, replied that, though his understanding was with Lord John only, he conceived that the spirit of public duty which led him to enter into that engagement bound him to assist Lord Granville in the execution of her Majesty's commands.† Lord Palmerston felt, doubtless, that a position which

had been filled by Chatham and Charles James Fox was not one of derogation on his part. Lord John Russell, however, took a very different view of the course which the spirit of public duty dictated, and of the deference due to the queen's commands; and, Lord Granville giving up the task committed to him, Lord Palmerston reaped the reward of his magnanimity by being appointed to the office of first minister, which he held until his death. Lord Granville was never charged with having shown want of loyalty either to Lord Palmerston or to Lord John Russell in making them the proposal with which the queen had charged him. The expedient of trusting the ostensible premiership to a respectable peer as a means of balancing the claims of rival leaders was common enough before the Reform Act. The renewal of it in a not distant future, in the event of the Liberal party retaining office (if it should gain it) after Mr. Gladstone's retirement, is commonly spoken of as the best solution of an embarrassing personal problem. Lord Spencer is spoken of as the next Liberal premier. But the device is less suited to the political conditions which have prevailed since 1832 than to those of the previous century. Of the nine statesmen who have held the office of first minister since the Reform Act only two, Lord Melbourne and Lord Aberdeen, were not designated for it by their position in their respective parties. Of the twenty and more first ministers who have held office since the accession of George II. to that of William IV. there are only five or six — Walpole, North, Shelburne (possibly), William Pitt, Canning, and Grey — whose official position was due to their undisputed personal ascendancy. When the queen, in 1885, determined the dual leadership of Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, by calling the former to the premiership, she recognized the moral title of the stronger man, as she had done five years earlier in sending for Lord Hartington in preference to Lord Granville. Mr. Gladstone, it must be remembered, had not then formally recalled what seemed at the time his perpetual renunciation of office. He continued to the last moment to speak of Lord Granville and Lord Hartington as his leaders, and of himself as only their follower. It was conceivable, though not probable, that short of absolute retirement from official life he might be desirous to accept, in an administration presided over by a younger man, a position analogous to that which

\* Life of the Prince Consort, vol. ii., p. 482. Hansard, vol. cxxiii., pp. 1701-2.

† Ibid., vol. iv., pp. 453-4.

he himself in 1868 offered to his old chief Earl Russell; that he might take the view of public duty which in 1859 led Lord Palmerston to accede to the overtures of Lord Granville, rather than that which more than half a century before prompted Pitt's good-humoredly contemptuous rejection of the proposals of Addington. The solution which was arrived at was, amid the circumstances of the case, natural and inevitable. With a reviving eagerness for official life and Parliamentary leadership on Mr. Gladstone's part, no other prime minister than he was possible in 1880. The Liberal party throughout the country was Gladstonian; and the House of Commons was his House of Commons. But the procedure by which the essential facts of the situation were made to declare themselves was natural and constitutionally proper. The censure ostensibly thrown on the imaginary recommendation of Lord Beaconsfield is ignorantly, perhaps, rather than maliciously, aimed at a higher personage.

There is a certain amount of general truth in the statement that since 1832 ministers have been more Parliamentary ministers and less ministers of the crown than they were before. But the distinction is less one of dates than of persons and circumstances. Mr. Morley points out that the general election of 1705 enabled Godolphin in 1706 to force Sunderland on the queen, and afterwards to remove Harley from her councils. The saying that the king gave Walpole to the nation, but the nation gave Chatham to the king, shows that there was a popular as well as a royal sovereignty a century and a half ago. The proscription of Carteret and Pulteney and Shelburne by the Whig leaders was as marked as the Royal proscription of the elder Pitt, of Fox, and of Grey. George III. said that the Coalition had done everything short of nominating the ministers by name in the House of Commons. In our own day, the suggestions of the crown have much to do with the distribution of offices of State; and, if instances currently spoken of are correctly cited, have effected a more reasonable adjustment than was at first designed of places to capacities — of round and square men to round and square holes. For good or evil, and in past no doubt for both, the Democracy (to use an objectionable abstraction) is supreme. But it may sometimes happen that its opinion, and still more its inarticulate sentiment, will find more accurate interpretation in an able prince than in a minister of the

second order, in an Isabella of Castille, or a Maria Theresa (let us say) than in a Henry Pelham or in a Henry Addington. It is as Providence shall cast the parts. Happily, the mechanism of the Constitution lends itself in the long run to the unforced and insensible ascendancy of the more powerful mind and the more winning character upon the intelligence and sentiment of the nation.

FRANK H. HILL.

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From Longman's Magazine.  
KENYON'S INNINGS.

I.

KENYON had been more unmanageable than usual. Unsettled and excitable from the moment he awoke and remembered who was coming in the evening, he had remained in an unsafe state all day. That evening found him with unbroken bones was a miracle to Ethel, his sister, and to his great friend John, the under-gardener. Poor Ethel was in charge; and sole charge of Kenyon, who was eleven, was no light matter for a girl with her hair still down. Her brother was a handful at most times; to-day he would have filled some pairs of stronger hands than Ethel's. They had begun the morning together, with small cricket (snob-cricket, Kenyon called it); but Kenyon had been rather rude over it, and Ethel had retired. She soon regretted this step; it had made him reckless; he had spent the most dangerous day. Kenyon delighted in danger. He got it by walking round the entire premises on the garden wall, which was high enough to kill him if he fell, and by clambering over the greenhouses, which offered a still more fascinating risk. He not only had done both this morning, but had gone so far as to straddle a gable of the house itself, shouting down good-tempered insults to Ethel, who appealed to him with tears and entreaties from the lawn below. Ethel had been quite disabled from sitting at meat with him; and in the afternoon he had bothered the gardeners, in the potting-shed, to such an extent that his friend John had subsequently refused to bowl to him. In fact, Kenyon Harwood had been a public nuisance all day, though a lovable one — at his very worst he was that. He had lovable looks for one thing, and it was not the only thing. The boy had run wild since his young mother's death. There were reasons why he should not go to school at

present. There were reasons why he should spend the long summer days in the sunshine, and open only the books he cared for; though his taste here was fantastic, certainly. He had dark, laughing eyes, and a face of astonishing brightness and health; astonishing because his legs and arms were as thin as pipe-stems, and looked as brittle. Kenyon was indeed a most delicate boy. He was small and delicate and weak in everything but spirit. "He has the spirit," said John, his friend, "of the deuce and all!"

Ethel forgave easily, too easily almost; but then she was Kenyon's devoted slave, who cried about him half the night, and lived for him, and longed to die for him. Kenyon had toned himself down by tea-time, and when he sought her then as though nothing had happened, she was only too delighted to catch his spirit. Had she reminded him of his behavior on the roof, and elsewhere, he would have been very sorry and affectionate; but it was not her way to make him sorry. She listened to him in the nicest way; and he had plenty to say, for it was a great occasion; it was this which had unsettled and excited him. The day was to have a great ending, and now that this was very near, Kenyon was actually a little awed; Ethel must have felt thankful indeed. They had the most sober tea together; they never dined with their father; they seldom listened for his chariot wheels as they were listening to-night. The boy, especially, took but little delight in his father's return from the works, though he often awaited that event with a painful interest. But to-night Mr. Harwood was to bring back with him one of his boy's heroes, whom Kenyon was to shake by the hand—one of the heroes of his favorite book, which was not a story-book. It has been said that Kenyon's literary taste was peculiar; his favorite book was "Lillywhite's Cricketers' Guide;" the name of the great young man who was coming this evening had figured prominently in recent volumes of "Lillywhite," and Kenyon knew every score he had ever made.

"Of course he won't take much notice of a kid like me," said Kenyon, with a modesty which was not always so conspicuous in him, "but I *should* like to talk to him, I should so! Fancy having C. J. Forrester to stay here! Do you know, I've an idea the governor asked him partly to please *me*, though he says he's a sort of relation. I say, I wish we'd known that before, don't you? Anyhow, it's the jolliest thing the governor ever did in his life,

and a wonder he did it, seeing he only laughs at cricket. I wish he'd been a cricketer himself, then he'd kick up less row about the glass; but thank goodness I haven't broken any to-day. I say, I wish C. J. Forrester'd made more runs yesterday; he may be riled, you know."

Kenyon had not picked up all his pretty expressions in the potting-shed; he was intimate with a boy who went to a public school.

"How many did he get?" Ethel asked.

"Duck and seven. I expect he'll be pretty sick about it."

"I shouldn't be surprised if he thinks far less about it than you do, Ken. It's only a game; I don't suppose he'll mind so very much."

"Won't he, then? It's only about the swaggiest county match of the season!" cried Kenyon very sarcastically. "He's bound to mind not coming off against Notts. The *Sportsman* says he was out to a weak stroke, too, second innings. Where did I see the *Sportsman*? Oh, John and I are getting it from the town every day; we're going halves; it comes to John, though, so you needn't say anything. What *are* you grinning at, Ethel? Ah, you're not up in real cricket. You only understand snob."

Kenyon was more experienced. The public school boy hard by had given him an innings or two at his net, where Kenyon had picked up more than the rudiments of the game and a passion for "Lillywhite." He had learnt there his pretty expressions, which were anything but popular at home. Mr. Harwood was a man of limited patience, and a still more limited knowledge of boys. He frightened Kenyon, who was at his worst in the paternal presence. He was a sensitive man, of uncertain temper, who could not get on with his children; though Ethel was a dear good girl to him. He saw very little of either of them. It was a trouble, an unacknowledged grief, to hard, lonely Mr. Harwood. But it was his own fault; he knew this; he knew all about it. He knew too much of himself, and not enough of his children.

You could not blame Kenyon—Mr. Harwood would have been the last to do so—yet it was dreadful to see him looking forward to his father's return, for the first time in his life, perhaps, and now only for the sake of the stranger he was bringing with him; to see him peering through the blind at this stranger, who certainly had great interest in his eyes, without so much as glancing at his father or realizing

that he was there; to hear him talking volubly in the drawing-room after dinner (when the children came down) to the celebrated C. J. Forrester, whom he had never seen before; and to remember how very little he ever had to say to his father. Ethel felt it—all. She was very kind to her father this evening. That peculiar man may have felt it, too, and the root of Ethel's attentions into the bargain; for he was very snubbing to her. He never showed much feeling. Yet it *was* to please Kenyon that Mr. Harwood had pressed Forrester to look him up, and not by any means (though this had been his way of putting it to his kinsman, whom he knew very slightly) to cheer his own loneliness.

The cricketer was a blonde young man, disappointingly free from personal lustre, and chiefly remarkable for his hands. He had an enormous hand, and when it closed, like jaws, over Kenyon's little one, this suffering student could well understand his "Lillywhite" characterizing C. J. Forrester as "a grand field, especially in the country." They talked cricket together from the first moment, and until Kenyon said good-night. He told Ethel, afterwards, that so far they had got no further than the late match against Notts; that Forrester had described it "as if he'd only *seen* the thing;" and that she was quite right, and C. J. was far less cut up at the result than he was. The county had been beaten by Nottingham, and Kenyon went so far as to affirm that C. J. Forrester's disappointing form had directly contributed to the disaster, and that he certainly *ought* to be ashamed of himself. But this was a little bit of after bravado displayed up-stairs, and in the midst of the most enthusiastic utterances respecting C. J.

Mr. Harwood watched and heard the frank, free, immediate intercourse between Kenyon and the visitor. He had never known Kenyon so bright and animated—so handsome even. The boy was at his best, and his best was a revelation to Mr. Harwood, who had never in his life had a real conversation with Kenyon such as Forrester was having now. He had talked to Kenyon, certainly; but any father can do that. As he sat grimly listening, with Ethel snubbed to silence, he may have felt a jealous longing to be his small son's friend too—to interest him, as this complete stranger was doing, and be honestly interested—to love and be loved. He was self-conscious enough to feel all this, and even to smile, as he rose to look at the clock, and saw in the mirror behind it

no trace of his feelings in his thin-lipped, whiskered face. At nine the children said good-night of their own accord, knowing better than to stay a minute over their time. Mr. Harwood kissed them as coldly and lightly as usual; but surprised them with a pleasantry before they left the room.

"Wait, Kenyon. Forrester, ask him your average. He'll tell you to a decimal. He knows what he calls his 'Lillywhite' by heart."

Kenyon looked extremely eager, though Mr. Harwood's tone struck Forrester as a little sarcastic.

"You've been learning it up!" the cricketer said knowingly to Kenyon.

"I haven't," declared Kenyon, bubbling over with excitement.

"You needn't ask him your own," Ethel added, quite entering into it. "He knows them all."

"Oh, we'll have mine," said Forrester, who felt slightly ridiculous, but very much amused. "What was it for the 'varsity—my first year?"

Kenyon had to think. That was two years ago, before he had known much about cricket; but he had read up that year's "Lillywhite"—he read as many old "Lillywhites" as he could get—and he answered in a few moments:—

"Nineteen point seven."

"You *have* been getting it up!" cried Forrester.

Kenyon was beaming. "No, I haven't—honestly I haven't! Ask Ethel!"

"Oh, it's genuine enough," said Mr. Harwood to Forrester; "it's his accomplishment—one to be proud of, isn't it? That'll do, Kenyon; good-night, both of you."

The door closed.

"*He's* one to be proud of," said Forrester pointedly, a vague indignation rising within him. "A ripping little chap, I call him. And he *was* right to a decimal. I never heard of such a fellow!"

"He's cricket mad," said Mr. Harwood dryly. "I'm glad you like him."

"I like him immensely. I like his enthusiasm. I never saw a small boy so keen! Does he play?"

"Not properly; he's not fit to; he's very delicate. No, it's mostly theory with Kenyon; and I'm very much afraid he'll bore you. You mustn't let him. Indeed, I fear you'll have a slow time all round; but, as I told you, there's a horse to ride whenever you want him."

"Does the boy ride?"

"He's not allowed to. I was going to



say that we have a very respectable club in the town, where I can tuck you up and make you comfortable any time you like to come down. Only don't, for your own sake, encourage Kenyon to be a nuisance; he doesn't require much encouragement."

"My dear sir, we're too keen cricketers to bore each other; we're going to be tremendous friends. You don't mean to say he bores *you*? Ah, with the scores, perhaps; but you must be awfully proud of having such a jolly little beggar; I know *I* should be! I'd make a cricketer of him. If he's as keen as this now, in a few years' time he ought —"

"Do you smoke, Forrester? We will go into the other room."

Mr. Harwood had turned abruptly away, and was putting out the lights.

## II.

LONG before breakfast next morning — while the lawns were yet frosted with dew and lustrous in the level sunlight — Kenyon Harwood and C. J. Forrester, the well-known cricketer, met and fraternized. Kenyon and John had always spoken of Forrester as "C. J.," and when Kenyon let this out, it was arranged, chiefly by C. J. himself, who was amused and pleased, that Kenyon should never call him anything else. Mr. Harwood, at breakfast, rather disapproved of the arrangement, but it was hardly a matter for the paternal ukase. Meanwhile Kenyon had personally conducted C. J. round the place, and had most impressively introduced him (in the potting-shed) to John, who looked so proud and delighted as to put a head even on Kenyon's delight and pride. C. J. was charmed with John; but he was less enthusiastic about a bricked quadrangle, in front of the gardener's and coachman's cottages, with wickets painted on a but-tress, where Kenyon was constantly indulging in small cricket — notably in the dinner-hour of John, who bolted his food to come out and bowl to him. The skilled opinion of C. J. was not in favor of "snob," as played by Kenyon with a racket and soft ball.

"He says a tennis racket is bad for you," Ethel understood from Kenyon (to whom it was a very serious thing); "makes you play with a crooked bat, and teaches you to spoon. So there's an end to snob! But what do you think? He's going to take me into the town to choose a decent bat; and we're going in for regular practice on the far lawn — John and all — if the governor lets us! C. J.'s going to

coach me. Think of being coached by C. J. Forrester!"

"Father is sure to let you," said Ethel; and certainly Mr. Harwood did not say no; but his consent was coldly given, and one thing he stipulated almost sternly.

"I won't have Kenyon run. I shall put a stop to it if he does. It might kill him."

"Ah, he has told me about that." Forrester added simply, "I am so sorry."

Kenyon, in fact, in explaining the system of scoring at snob — a most ingenious system — had said: —

"You see, I mayn't run my runs. I know the boundaries don't make half such a good game, but I can't help it. What's wrong? I'm sure I can't tell you. I've been to heaps of doctors, but they never say much to *me*; they just mess about, and then send you back to the room where you look at the papers. Mother used to take me to London on purpose, and the governor's done so twice. It's my hip, or some rot. It's a jolly nuisance, for it feels all right, and I'm positive I *could* run, and ride, and go to school. Blow the doctors!"

"But obey them," C. J. had said seriously; "you should go in for obeying orders, Kenyon."

They got the bat. It was used a great deal during those few days — the too few days of C. J.'s visit; and was permitted to repose in C. J.'s cricket-bag, cheek by jowl with bruised veterans that had served with honor at Lord's and the Oval. Kenyon was very mindful of those services, and handled the big bats even more reverently than he shook his hero's hand. They lent themselves to this sort of thing more readily than C. J. did. I am sure that Kenyon — at all events at first — would have had his hero a trifle more heroic than Heaven had made him. There was nothing intrinsically venerable in his person, presence, or bearing — and there might have been. He was infinitely more friendly than Kenyon had dreamt of finding him; he was infinitely nicer, but he did lack the vague, inexpressible distinction with which the boy's imagination invested the heroes of "Lillywhite." He had imagination, Kenyon; his quaint, literary predilection alone argued an abnormal development there.

That summer was the loveliest of late years; and Kenyon made the most of it — the utmost. He had never before seemed so strong, and well, and promising. For the first time in his life his

really miserable little body seemed equal — at moments — to his mighty spirit; and the days of C. J. were the brightest and happiest he had ever known. In that jolly, manly companionship the unrealized want of an intensely masculine young soul was insensibly filled. Hard lines, perhaps, to fill it for so short a time; but better so than never, surely. Kenyon remarked cheerfully, that the day after C. J. went Tommy Barnard (the boy with the cricket-net, who taught slang) would be home from Harrow; but he knew very well that T. B. could never be very much to him after C. J. The cricketer's departure was at hand in a moment, almost. He had put it off, and off, because he liked Kenyon with an extraordinary liking. But he was wanted at the Oval on the last Thursday in July; his play with Kenyon and John (though John had a very fair notion of bowling) could by no stretch of imagination be regarded as practice for an important county match; he decided to tear himself from Kenyon on the Tuesday morning.

He had been with them only a week, but the Harwoods had bitten deep into his life — into a life not altogether consecrated to cricket. Forrester had definite aspirations, and some very noble intentions; and he happened to possess the character to give this spiritual baggage some value, in his case. Also he had a kind heart, which Kenyon had won. He liked Ethel; but one could not merely like Kenyon, with his frail little frame and his splendid spirit. Ethel, however, was very sweet; her eyes were like Kenyon's in everything but their sadness — deep and lustrous, but so often sad. Her love for Kenyon was the most pathetic thing Forrester had ever seen — save one. The more touching spectacle was that of the father of Ethel and Kenyon, who seemed to have very little love for his children, and to conceal what he had; who consequently could never be anything more than a father to those two who had no one else — not their friend, certainly. He was nice enough to Forrester, who found him a different being at the club — affable, good-natured, amusing in his sardonic way. He talked a little to Forrester about the children — a very little, but enough to make Forrester sincerely sorry for him. He was sorrier for Mr. Harwood than for Ethel, or even Kenyon. He pitied him profoundly on Kenyon's account, but less because the boy might never live to grow up, than because, as *he* read father and son, there would never be much love to lose between them,

however long Kenyon might live. And there was a chance for Kenyon yet. He had never been so well as he was this summer. His vitality — his amazing vitality — made it easy to believe that he would certainly live to grow up, and go on living. His trouble might never become a greater trouble than it had been already; and this summer it had been no trouble at all — he seemed almost to have forgotten his limp. He might yet go to school; and Forrester himself was going to start a small boys' school next summer, in partnership with an older man, in one of the healthiest spots in the island. St. Crispin's had been spoken of for Kenyon. Kenyon himself spoke of little else during Forrester's last day or two. To go to school at St. Crispin's was now the dream of his life.

"I am sorry we told him about it," Mr. Harwood said gloomily. "He may never be able to go there; he may never again be so well as he is now; all the summer it has seemed too good to last!"

Forrester, for his part, thought it good for the boy to have things to look forward to, and that, if he could go, the change of life and climate might prove the saving and making of him. Beyond this, he honestly hoped for the best (whereas Mr. Harwood seemed to look for the worst), and expressed his hope — often a really strong one — as plausibly as he could.

He carries with him still some intensely vivid impressions of this visit, but especially of the last day or two, when the weather was hotter than ever — take away one splendid shower — and Kenyon, if it were possible, more alert, active, and keen. He remembers, for instance, how Ethel and Kenyon and he tore to an outlying greenhouse for shelter during that shower; or rather, how he carried Kenyon. In the greenhouse, accompanied by a tremendous rattle of rain on the sloping glass, Kenyon sang them "Willow the King," the Harrow cricket song, which T. Barnard, to do him justice, had taught Kenyon among other pretty things. Clear through the years Forrester can hear Kenyon's jolly treble, and Ethel's shy notes, and his own most brazen bass, in the chorus; he recollects, too, the verse in which the singer broke down, through too strong a sense of its humor:—

"Who is this," King Willow he swore,  
 "Hops like that to a gentleman's door?  
 Who's afraid of a duke like him?  
 Fiddlededee!" says the monarch slim:  
 "What do you say, my courtiers three?"  
 And the courtiers all said "Fiddlededee!"

It does not seem funny to Forrester now.

But his last evening, the Monday, he remembers best. They had an immense match — double-wicket. The head gardener, the coachman, John (captain) and the butler made one side; Forrester, Kenyon, Ethel (Kenyon insisted), and Thomas Barnard (home early, *ager*) were the other. "It's Gentlemen and Players," John said, with a gaping grin; and the Players won, in spite of C. J., who at the last did all he knew, for Kenyon's sake.

It was a gorgeous evening. The sun set slowly, on a gaudy screen; the wealth of color was almost tropical. The red light glared between the trees, their crests swayed gently against the palest, purest amber. Mr. Harwood looked on rather kindly, with his cigar; and the shadow of his son, in for the second time, lay along the pitch like a single plank. Ethel was running for him, and it was really exciting, for there were runs to get — it was the last wicket — and Kenyon, to C. J.'s secret sorrow, and in spite of C. J.'s distinguished coaching, was not a practical cricketer. But he did really very well this evening. They did not bowl too easily to him, for he would not have stood that; they bowled very nearly their best; but Kenyon's bat managed somehow to get in the way, and once he got hold of one wide of his legs, and sent it an astonishing way — in fact, over the wall. Even Mr. Harwood clapped his hands, and Forrester muttered, "That's the happiest moment of his life!" Certainly Kenyon knew more about that leg-hit ever afterwards than he did at the moment, for, it must be owned, it was a fluke; but a minute after it was made Kenyon was out — run out, through Ethel's petticoats, and the game was lost.

"Ethel!" he cried out, his flush of ecstasy wiped away in a minute. "I could have run the thing myself!"

Ethel was dreadfully grieved, and showed it so unmistakably that Kenyon, shifting his ground, turned hotly to an unlucky groom who had been standing umpire.

"I don't believe she *was* out, Fisher!" he exclaimed, more angrily than ever. Mr. Harwood snatched his cigar from his mouth; but C. J. forestalled his interference, coming up from behind and taking Kenyon quietly by the arm.

"My dear fellow, I'm surprised at you! To dispute the umpire like this — why, I thought you were such a sportsman? You must learn to take a licking, and go out grinning, like a man!"

Kenyon was crushed — by his hero. He stammered an apology, with a crimson face, and left the lawn with the sweetness of that leg-hit turned in an instant to gall. And there was a knock at Forrester's door while he was dressing for dinner, and in crept Kenyon, hanging his head, and shut the door, and burst into tears.

"Oh, you'll never think the same of me again, C. J.! A nice fellow you'll think me, who can't stand getting out — a nice fellow for your school!"

C. J. in his shirt and trousers, looked down very tenderly on the little quivering fellow in flannels, who was standing awkwardly, as he sometimes would when tired.

"My dear old fellow, it was only game — yet it was life! We live our lives as we play our games; and we *must* be sportsmen, and bide by the umpire's decision, and go out grinning when it's against us. Do you see, Ken?"

"I see," said Kenyon, with sudden firmness. "I've learnt a lesson; I'll never forget it!"

"Ah, you may learn many a lesson from cricket, Ken," said Forrester. "And when you have learnt to play the game — pluckily, unselfishly, as well as you can — then you've learnt how to live too!" He was only saying what he has been preaching to his school ever since; but now he says that no one has ever attended to him as Kenyon did.

Kenyon looked up with wet, pleading eyes: "Then — then you'll have me at St. Crispin's?"

But Forrester only ruffled the boy's brown hair.

### III.

A VARIETY of hindrances prevented Forrester from revisiting Kenyon's father until August in the following year, when he arrived in the grey evening of a repulsive day. As before, he came straight from the Nottingham match; he had started his school, but was getting as much cricket as he could in the holidays. It was raining heavily when he jumped out of the carriage which had been sent to meet him; Mr. Harwood shook his hand in the cold twilight of the hall. House and host seemed silent and depressed. Forrester looked for Kenyon — for his hat, for some sign of him — as one searches for a break in the clouds.

"Where is he?" was his first sentence, almost. "Where *is* Kenyon?"

"Kenyon? He's in bed."

"Since when?"

"The beginning of last month."

Forrester looked horrified; his manner seemed rather to irritate Mr. Harwood.

"Surely I wrote and told you, Forrester; have you forgotten? I wrote to say he couldn't come last term—that he had fallen off during the winter, and was limping badly. Didn't you get the letter? But you did—you answered it."

"Yes, yes. I know all that," said Forrester, in a bewildered way; "I answered, and you never answered *me*. Then the term came on, and you don't know what it was. I had all my time taken up, every moment. And I have been playing cricket ever since we broke up. But—but the truth is, I've been having the most cheerful letters from Kenyon the whole time!"

"That's it; he *is* cheerful."

"He never said he was in bed."

"You weren't to know of it, on any account. But I thought you would be prepared for it."

"Not with those letters. I can hardly believe it! Will he—will he be able—"

"No, never. But you will find him as keen about it as ever, and as mad on cricket. He tells me, by the way, you've been doing great things yesterday—in fact, I read him the report—and he's wild with delight about it. Will you come up and see him? You'll get an ovation!"

Forrester nodded, setting his teeth. While they were conversing Ethel had entered the hall, shaken hands with him, and vanished up the shallow stairs, leaving the hall more gloomy than before. He remembered this presently; also that Ethel, in a single year, seemed changed from a child to a woman. But at the time he could see one thing only—a vision, a memory. The peculiar sadness in Mr. Harwood's tones—the tenderness which was still untender, yet very different from last year's note—had not struck him yet. He could think only of Kenyon as he best remembered him, playing cricket with a sunburnt face, ardent, triumphant, angry, penitent, ashamed, and of Kenyon as he dreaded to look upon him now.

Mr. Harwood stopped on the stairs.

"I wish you could help me in one thing, Forrester. He is still counting on your school, and now he can never go. He needn't know this; but could you—I wish you could make him think less about it!"

Forrester colored a little. "I wish I could," he said thoughtfully; "and perhaps I can; for somehow I am myself less anxious to have him than I was last year. I have often been thankful he wasn't one of the boys this last term. I

couldn't have borne to pitch into him as I have had to pitch into most of them. When I was here before I only looked on the pleasant side of it all; I can tell him there's another side."

Kenyon looked a great length as he lay stretched out in bed; he seemed to have grown a good deal. His thin face was flushed with anticipation; his fine eyes burnt eagerly; he had heard the wheels in the wet gravel under his window, and C. J.'s voice in the hall and on the stairs. A thin, white arm lay over the counterpane, the fingers claspng a newspaper. As Forrester entered, with a trepidation of which he was ashamed, the thin arm flourished the newspaper wildly.

"Well played, sir!" Kenyon almost thundered from his pillow. "Your score won the match; come and shake hands on it!"

Forrester, who had certainly troubled the Nottingham bowlers this time, was more taken aback than he had ever been on the cricket-field, where astonishing things do happen. He went to the bedside, and sat down there, and pressed very tenderly the small boy's slender hands; but he had not a thing to say.

"The *Sportsman*," continued Kenyon, beating the bed with that paper, "says it was a fine display of cricket, and that you're in splendid form just now. So you are. Look what you did against Surrey! Do you remember how that match came *after* Notts last year, and you left here to play in it? I'm glad it was the other way round, this season; and I'm glad—oh, I say, how glad I am you've come!"

"Dear old boy! But—but don't you think you might have told me you were like this, old fellow?"

Kenyon tossed his head on the pillow. "I couldn't," he exclaimed; "it was too sickening. Besides, I thought——"

"Well?"

"You mightn't be very keen to come, you know."

"You need not have thought that, Kenyon; and I don't believe you *did* think it."

"Well, I won't swear that I did; but anyhow I didn't want you to know before you must—for lots of reasons."

Forrester did not ask what the reasons were. He could divine one of them: the boy had hoped to be up and well before he came. Forrester wondered whether that hope held yet, and whether he honestly could share it any longer, if it did. He looked at Kenyon as he confronted this question; the flush of delight and excitement had subsided from the young,

wan face, which had now an unhealthy pallor. His face had been the best part about Kenyon last year, the part that inspired confidence and faith. Forrester strove to talk cricket again. Kenyon had a hundred pet cricketers, his favorites and friends on paper, whom he spoke of by their initials and knew intimately on the cricket-fields of his fancy, as formerly he had known and spoken of C. J. himself. C. J. tried to tell him of those he had met lately; but the young fellow was ill at ease mentally, he could not think of the right men; he took the newspaper to his assistance.

"So John still gets you the *Sportsman*," he remarked incidentally.

"No, John doesn't."

"You don't mean that he's left?"

"Rather not! He comes up to see me every day; the governor fetches him; and it's the governor who brings me the *Sportsman*."

"Really?"

"Yes, and *Cricket*, and the *Field*, and all the other papers that you see all over the shop."

"It's too dark to see all over the shop," said Forrester, laying down the paper. "I call it very good of your father, though."

"He is good. He's awfully good to me since I've been lying up, is the governor. He sits with me a lot, and reads and talks to me; I like him to read. But he doesn't understand much about cricket, you know. He reads me the full account of the play when I've looked at the score; but I'd as soon read them to myself if it wasn't for offending him. You see, he can't be interested, though he says he is. I should think he'd be very glad if you did it for him; and you'd understand, you know, and we could talk about it."

Forrester was thinking. Mr. Harwood had left him alone with Kenyon, hardly entering the room himself; and there had been a look on his face as he withdrew, which Forrester happened to see, and failed to understand. Now he read it; Kenyon, no doubt, had greeted him as he never could have greeted his father—his father, who, by the boy's own showing, was trying, at the last, to be his friend. The thought troubled Forrester. He had been touched by a something in Mr. Harwood's manner, in the hall, on the stairs, and still more by what Kenyon had just told him; he was pleased with Kenyon's evident appreciation of his father's kindness; but—there were more buts than he could sort or separate now and here. What he did feel instantly, and acutely,

was a premonition of involuntary intervention, on his own part, between father and child. In his difficulty he smoothed back the long, brown hair from Kenyon's forehead, and looked gently into the eager eyes.

"We'll see, old fellow," he said at last; "your father mightn't quite like it, I think; and of course, as you say, you wouldn't like to offend him. Stick to that, Kenyon; always be good to your father and Ethel."

"They're awfully good to me, certainly," said Kenyon thoughtfully. "Ethel's an angel! Have you seen her with her hair up, C. J.?"

"I just saw her in the hall; she seems much older."

"She's a brick! But I say—I'm sure the governor wouldn't mind—you reading the cricket, I mean. It *must* bore him, whatever he says; how can it help doing?"

"It might bore him to read it to himself; it may delight him to read it to you."

Kenyon turned his cheek to the pillow, and stared at the dismal evening sky. I think he was wondering, in his small way, if he was a very ungrateful, unnatural son; and trying to account for it, if it was so; and wishing he were comfortably certain it was not so.

"Besides," added Forrester, "I shall not be able to stay many days, you know." Indeed, he was thinking he had better not stay. But Kenyon's eyes were on him in a twinkling.

"How many?" he asked, almost with a gasp.

"A week at the outside; it's the Lancashire match the week after next."

Again Kenyon looked away; his sharp profile on the pillow looked sharper than before. "Of course you must play against Lancashire—and make your century," he said. And it must have been the way he said it that made Forrester determine, at that moment, to cancel his remaining cricket engagements; it must have been an incommunicably pathetic way, for C. J. was a great cricketer who loved great cricket, and got very little of it now.

Kenyon went on:—

"I'm hoping to get up, you know, before long. Surely I've been here long enough? It's all rot, I say, keeping you in bed like this; you get as weak as a cat. I believe the governor thinks so too. I know they're going to have a doctor down from London to see me. If he lets me get up, and you stay, or come back, we



might have some more cricket, mightn't we? I was hoping so to have some before the term begins; I want another of those leg hits. I say, they think I might be able to go to St. Crispin's next term, don't they?"

Forrester remembered. "I don't know. You might be *able*, perhaps."

"Why do you say it like that?"

"Shall I tell you, old fellow? I'm not quite so anxious to have you as I was a year ago. Stop! I'll tell you why. I didn't know what it would be like then; I think I fancied I should have a dozen Kenyons, and that Kenyon at school would be a saint; which was absurd, St. Kenyon! I thought I should never, never, never lose my temper with you—which was worse than absurd. We talked, you and I, of what we knew nothing about; I know something now; and let me tell you it isn't all skittles and beer, Kenyon. Listen: there wasn't a fellow in the school I didn't punish, time out of mind. Punish is a jolly word, isn't it? It would have been nice for us both, wouldn't it, my punishing *you*? Kenyon, there were two fellows I had to swish! Do you understand? I felt thankful you weren't there. I don't any longer feel that I want you there. I'd rather some other man kept you in, Kenyon, and licked you, old fellow, when you needed it." The truth is, Forrester had long had all this on his mind; as he uttered the last of it, he almost forgot why he had uttered it now, and what Mr. Harwood had said on the stairs.

Kenyon lay very still, watching the darkling sky, split in two by the window-sashes. He had dreamed of that school continually; he had looked forward to it so long. It was hard suddenly to stop looking forward—to have no more happy imaginary schooldays from this moment forth. Yet it was easy, too; in some ways a relief even, for now there was less necessity to be well and up immediately—less anxiety; and the element of self-deception, young as he was, had underlain Kenyon's views and hopes in this regard. But this comfort came later. Kenyon said at last with a long sigh:—

"So would I! I'm glad you've told me this, C. J. I'm not so keen now, though I *have* been looking forward. I suppose I couldn't even have called you C. J., eh?"

"No, you'd have had to 'sir' me."

"Indeed, sir! Then I'm thankful I'm not going, sir! There's the gong, sir—yessir; you must go and dress, sir! The governor'll bring you up to say good-night with him. And to-morrow—I've heaps

of things to tell you to-morrow, C. J. I'll think of 'em all night—*sir*!"

There were tears on his eyelashes, all the same; but the room was now really dark; C. J. never knew.

Forrester's disquieting apprehension of intrusion on his part, of that cruel intervention from which he shrank, was not for long a vague sensation. Mr. Harwood himself defined it with startling candor, this very first evening, at dinner.

Forrester had described the latter part of his chat with Kenyon, the part consequent on something Mr. Harwood had said on the stairs, and on another thing which had long been in his own mind. "I wouldn't have Kenyon, now I know what it is like," he had averred, with all the earnestness he had employed upstairs."

"You wouldn't get him," said Mr. Harwood, in sad irony. "He will never be well enough, Bodley is sure, to go to school."

"Is Dr. Bodley a very good man?"

"He is a very good doctor in ordinary, so to speak; but Kenyon's case is not exactly ordinary. Bodley is getting down a London man, a specialist, for a consultation. Kenyon knows about it."

"Yes, he thought it was to see whether he might get up."

"Whether there is the least chance of his *ever* getting up—that is more like it! I think he never will. There is some hopeless disease of the hip. An operation is the only chance, and you know what a faint one."

"I'm glad I am here!" Forrester involuntarily exclaimed; and it was at this that Mr. Harwood had pierced him with his eye, and spoken his mind.

"I am glad too," said he slowly; "yet I am sore—God knows how sore!"

The young man moved in his chair, but did not rise. Mr. Harwood held him with his eye. Forrester leant his elbow on the table, his head against his palm, and met that bitter, pitiable, yearning glance.

"I am glad, because Kenyon wanted you so much! I am sore because he wanted *you* so much! Look at the reception he gave you, ill as he is! I never make him like that. I might have left him for weeks, alone with Ethel and the servants, and he wouldn't have welcomed me so! Yet I am always with him! I do everything for him. I have been another man to him, Forrester, since you were here last year. You taught me a lesson. I don't know whether I like you or hate you for it. You

taught me to be my boy's friend — at any rate to try. Up to then I had been only his father. But I did try to be his friend, as you had been, when you were gone. It wasn't easy. We tired each other — we always did, we always may. We irritate each other too — he *will* seem frightened, and fight shy of me. I suppose I deserve it — God knows! We have understood each other better, we have tired each other less — I am sure — since he has been up yonder. But, all the time, he has been looking forward to your coming — to going to your school in the end. About this he has talked incessantly, as if it were the one thing to get better for — and about you! You're his hero, he worships you; I am only his father. You are everything to him, while I am nothing."

Forrester was inexpressibly shocked and touched. "You are mistaken!" he cried earnestly. "He has been telling me already how good you are to him — of all you do for him."

"Ah! he is a good boy; he is very grateful. He always says, 'Thank you' — to me! Heaven, how I wish he'd forget that sometimes! But no; it was in those little things that I was continually finding fault with him, and now his politeness cuts me to the soul. He has a special manner for me. He thinks before he speaks when he speaks to me. And I see it all. Why, I stand outside the door, and hear him talking to Ethel, and when I open it his very key changes. With you it's a hundred times worse. With you — God help me!" cried Harwood, with a harsh laugh, "I'm like some great schoolgirl, jealous of you for winning what I never tried nor deserved to win."

He wiped the moisture from his face, and sat cold and still.

"I'll go to-morrow," said Forrester hoarsely.

"You will do nothing of the kind," retorted Mr. Harwood coolly, as though he had not for once forgotten himself. "You will stay as long as Kenyon wants you."

#### IV.

FORRESTER was early abroad next morning — as once before. The weather had cleared up in the night. Sunlight and dew did just what they had done that other morning, now nearly thirteen months ago. Sounds and smells were the same now as then. Forrester tried to imagine it *was* then, and to conjure Kenyon to his side. But Kenyon lay in bed behind yonder blind on the sunny side of the house, and

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Forrester wandered desolate over last year's ground. He looked into the flagged yard where painted wickets still disfigured a certain buttress, and was sorry he had thrown cold water on "snob." On the lawn he saw other wickets, which no man had pitched, and worn places that had long been green. There was the peach-house, with the sun glowing where once the rain had beaten and "Willow the King" had been sung. He could hear it still — he can hear it now. He met John, who was visibly inconvenienced; and returning to the house, he found Ethel on the steps. She looked very fresh and beautiful, certainly. The young man admired her half-heartedly — the other half in the room up-stairs, where her heart was also. A common bond of sadness drew them insensibly together. They remained there, very silent, till the gong sounded within.

Something that Mr. Harwood told him — with a letter in his hand — as they sat down to breakfast, caused Forrester to run up-stairs the moment they rose. Kenyon received him with grateful eyes, but with a very slight salute this morning. Sunshine flooded the room, even to the edge of the bed. Things invisible in the dusk of the previous evening caught the strong light and the eye now — the bottles, the graduated glasses, the bed-table, the photograph of Kenyon's mother fastened to the screen. And Kenyon himself, with the sun clasping his long, brown hair, and filling the hollows of his pinched face, was a more distinct and an infinitely more pitiful figure this morning.

"You know what's going to happen to-day, C. J.?"

"The doctors are coming — the one from London. Your father told me just before breakfast."

"Call them the umpires," said Kenyon, in a queer tone. "Say they're going to give me in or out."

Forrester made no remark. Kenyon lay watching him.

"You're perfectly right, C. J. I thought of that before. I thought of it in the night. I had time to think plenty, last night."

"What! didn't you sleep, then?"

"Not a wink in the night. I've slept a little since daylight."

"Were you — you were in pain, Kenyon?"

"Don't speak of it," said Kenyon grimly. "It was so bad that I didn't care what happened to me; and I don't care now, when I remember it. I'm thankful

the doctors are coming this morning—I mean the umpires. Anything's better than last night over again. I've felt nothing like it before."

"And you never will again," said his friend encouragingly; "they'll see to that."

"Will they?" Kenyon made a wistful pause. "So I thought, up to last night; I thought they'd get me up and out again. In the night I gave up thinking so. I lay here, C. J., and asked only to be put out of my misery. I never had such a bad night before—nothing like. I've had my bad ones, but I used to grin and bear it, and think away of St. Crispin's, and you, and the fellows. Only last night——"

"Well?" said C. J., in a hard voice. His heart had smitten him.

"Well, you'd made me give up the idea of St. Crispin's, you know. Don't look like that—it's just as well you did. Only I hadn't it to think about in the night. I missed it."

He shut his eyes. He *had* been thinking of St. Crispin's, but not in the old way—no longer as within his reach. Ideals are not shattered so easily by hearsay; St. Crispin's was heaven to Kenyon still, though now he might not enter in. Well, one would rather never get there than find heaven imperfect too. And Kenyon, had he been older, would have appreciated his blessedness in being permitted to lay down this ideal unsubstantiated and as good as new; for not C. J., but experience only, could have razed so solid a castle in the air; C. J. had only lifted the drawbridge against Kenyon forever.

But Forrester was thinking differently. He was thinking of Mr. Harwood—of Ethel—of last night at dinner, when Ethel had gone.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you speak as though school were the only thing you had to live for."

"Well, it was the thing I wanted to get better for," replied Kenyon frankly; "the chief thing, anyhow. Of course I want to be up and out here as well. I love this dear old place!"

"Do you want to get strong only for your own sake?" Forrester could not help saying gently. "Do you never think of Ethel, of your father? I am sure you do!"

Kenyon colored. "Don't, old fellow! It's hard to think of anybody but yourself when you're laid up in bed for weeks and weeks, but Ethel knows that I do sometimes think about her; and that reminds me, C. J.; I was going to ask you to play tennis with her, or take her out for a ride,

or something—she needs something. I say, *doesn't* she look ripping with her hair up? And then the governor, he's so decent to me now. Of course I'd like to get better for his sake too. I think he'd make less fuss about the windows now—I'd like to break another and see. But it's no good pretending I'm as sorry for them as for myself—I *can't* be!"

"You are very honest," said Forrester, looking kindly into the great bright eyes. "I wish all my fellows were as brave and honest as you."

"I'm not brave. You don't know what I've gone through up here, alone, in the night, besides this pain. I've been thinking about—*it*. C. J., I don't know, now, that I'm going to get better at all. I pray to, and I try to, but I don't know that I am. Don't jump up. I daren't say it very loud. You're the first I've said it to at all. It only came to me last night. It seems pretty hard. Look at the sun. With the window open like this, and my eyes shut, it's almost as good as lying out on the grass. Dear old place! Why have you jumped up? What are you looking out of the window for? Are they coming yet?"

"No," said Forrester; but, indeed, he could not see.

"I was saying it was hard. I was going to tell you the only thing that makes it easy—the only thing, besides a night like last night, that makes it anything like easy. Look here!"

Forrester faced about, but still stood near the window, with his back to it. He followed Kenyon's eyes and finger. His face was averted. A shaft of sunshine still touched it, falling kindly on the long, brown hair and white, sharp cheek; but no ray reached the screen, or the photograph at which Kenyon looked and pointed—the sweet young face of Kenyon's mother.

"She makes it easy," he whispered. "She's there."

He stopped, and listened intently.

"There they are! I hear the wheels. I do wish they hadn't come so soon. I wanted to tell you something else—another thing I thought of last night. It's specially for you, C. J.; I'll tell you afterwards. Will you come up and tell me what the doctors—what the umpires give me, in or out? Oh, I know you will. I can bear it from you. Promise—promise to come and tell me."

Pressing Kenyon's hands, Forrester promised, and hastened from the room.

. . . . .

When he returned, the sun shone into the room no more; it was afternoon.

Kenyon was very white.

"Well?"

"Kenyon, they don't know."

"But they're still in the house. Why haven't they gone? What are they waiting for? Tell me, C. J. You said you'd tell me."

"Poor old Kenyon—dear old fellow," faltered Forrester. "I promised to tell you, I know I did, and down-stairs they've asked me to tell you. Now you'll never feel it, Kenyon. They're going to do something which may make you better. You—you'll be put to sleep—you'll never feel a thing."

"When is it to be?"

"This afternoon—very soon."

Kenyon drew a hard breath.

"You've got to be in the room, C. J."

"Very well, if they will let me. But you'll never know, Kenyon—you'll know nothing at all about it."

"They *must* let you. You've got to hold my hand right through, whether I feel anything or not. Do you see?"

"My dear boy! My brave old fellow!"

"Do you *promise*?"

"I promise."

"Then they will have to let you. They will let you, when we both ask them. Stop—I'm sure you can stop one minute. I wish this hadn't come so soon. There was so much I want to tell you. Now I want to tell you what I thought of last night—what I remembered. You know the game we had, the night before you went, last summer? John would call it Gentlemen and Players; poor old John! I remember every bit of it—especially that leg hit. It was sweet! Well, when Ethel got run out, and our side lost—ah! you remember; I knew you would—I played the fool, and you told me not to grumble at the umpire's decision. You said life was like cricket, and I mustn't dispute the umpire, but go out grinning—"

"I didn't mean that, Kenyon! I swear I didn't! I never thought—"

"I know you didn't, but I did, in the night; and I'm thinking of it now, C. J.; I'm thinking of nothing else."

Kenyon had rallied. A week, nearly, had passed. It had done no good; but it had not killed him.

The afternoon was hot, and still, and golden. The window of Kenyon's room was wide open; it had been wide open every day. Below, on the court beyond

the drive, Forrester and Ethel were playing a sober single. Kenyon had rallied so surprisingly, and had himself begged them to play. He could not hear them, for he was asleep. It was a pity; but he was sleeping continually. Mr. Harwood, however, sat by Kenyon, in the deep armchair, and he heard them with some satisfaction. He had Kenyon to himself. He had sent the nurse to lie down in her room. The afternoon, though brilliant, was still and oppressive.

How long he slept! Mr. Harwood seldom took his eyes from the smooth, white forehead, whiter than usual under its thatch of brown hair. It was damp, often, and the hair clung to it; Mr. Harwood would smooth back the hair, and actually not awake Kenyon, with the sponge. The strong man's fingers were grown incredibly light and tender. He would stand for minutes when he had done this, gazing down on the pale, young face with the long, brown locks and lashes. They were Kenyon's mother's eyelashes, as long and as dark. When Mr. Harwood raised his eyes from the boy, it was to gaze at her photograph on the screen. Kenyon in his sleep was extremely like her. The eyes in the portrait were downcast a little; they seemed to rest on Kenyon, to beckon him.

The voices of Ethel and Forrester, never loud, were audible all the time. And Mr. Harwood was glad to hear them. He did not want those two up here. He would not have Forrester up here any more; only Kenyon would. It was Forrester who had held the child's unconscious hand during the operation, and until Kenyon became sensible, when "C. J.!" was the first sound he uttered. There had been too much Forrester all through. Since the operation there had been more Forrester than Forrester himself quite liked. It was Kenyon's doing, and Kenyon must have all his wishes now. It was not Forrester's fault. Mr. Harwood knew this, and hated Kenyon's friend the more bitterly for the feeling that another man would have loved him.

How Kenyon slept! How strange, how shallow, his breath seemed all at once! Mr. Harwood rose again, and again smoothed the long hair back from the forehead. The forehead glistened; and this time Kenyon awoke. There was a dim, unseeing look in his eyes. He held out a hand, and Mr. Harwood grasped it, dropping on his knees beside the bed.

"Stick to my hand. Never let go again. Remember what you told me? I do—I'm thinking of it now."

Mr. Harwood did not remember telling him any one thing. He was kneeling with his back to the window. Kenyon's sentences had come with long intervals between them, and accompanied by the most loving glances his father had ever received from him. The father's heart throbbed violently. Perhaps he realized that his boy was dying; he realized with far greater intensity that Kenyon and he were alone together, and that childish love and trust had come at last into the dear, dying eyes. He had striven so hard to win this look—had longed for it of late with so mighty a longing! And at the last it was his. What else was there to grasp?

Kenyon began to murmur indistinctly—about cricket—about getting out. Mr. Harwood leant closer to catch the words, and to drink deeper while he could of the dim, loving eyes. But there came suddenly a change of expression. Kenyon was silent. And Mr. Harwood never knew why.

In the garden they heard the cry, and sped into the house, and up the stairs and into the room, warm from their game. They opened the door and stood still; for they saw Kenyon as none ever had seen him before, with his face upon his father's shoulder, and a smile there such as Forrester himself had never won.

E. W. HORNING.

From The Contemporary Review.

#### CONVERSATIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE WITH THOMAS CARLYLE.

##### PART FOURTH AND LAST.

THERE were few letters for the next three years except brief invitations or rendezvous, as I lived much in London, to attend Parliament, and saw Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle habitually. Her appearance at that time was peculiarly interesting. Her face was colorless but most expressive, answering promptly to every emotion; her eyes were frank and pleasant, and her smile, which was gracious, passed easily into banter or mockery. Ill-health repressed the activity of her body, but not of her spirit, which was as vivacious as of old.

There is one letter of this era worth printing as an illustration of Carlyle's thoughtful kindness for his friends, a disposition wholly incompatible with the character prejudiced gossips have come to attribute to him in recent times.

CHelsea, February 6, 1853.

DEAR DUFFY, — You never came to see me again, which was not well done altogether; but I am not writing of that at present. The time approaches when you will return, and then probably we may do better.

I remember hearing you speak, when here, about shelves for your books in your Pimlico lodging. Now, it strikes me I have, lying in this garret, and of no use to anybody but the moths, a portion of my own old book-case, complete all but the nails; a couple of *standard* sides—namely, and perhaps six or seven shelves of 4 or 5 feet long; a thing which any carpenter with sixpence worth of nails can knock together for you in an hour or two; which might hold 150 or 200 volumes; and which it would be a small but real comfort for me to know doing service for some friendly Christian in this manner! Pray think of it, if you still want such a thing; and pray determine to have it. It is lying here, safe though dusty in the garret, tied together with ropes; and can be brought to you in a barrow; and will be proud to assist in your Parliamentary career; and when that is ended, or changed, will cheerfully serve as firewood, and make itself generally useful! There is another couple of "standards" here; but before I saved them for such a purpose, the headlong joiner had cut up the shelves of these. . . . So stands it; and will stand for you. In the name of the Prophet!

Some one of your clerks is falling asleep at his post, I think. The *Nation*, which did not fail once in seven weeks to reach London on Saturday night, now (this good while) does not, above once in seven weeks, come till Monday morning—often not till Monday at eleven o'clock (which latter mistake I know is not yours); whereby, of course, my use of it, and much more important uses it has to serve in London, is much obstructed. A thing that should be remedied if it easily can.

One "Thomas Muloch, Dublin," sends me an acrid little pamphlet the other morning, solemnly denouncing and damning to the Pit, really in a rather sincere and devout manner, "*both* the Irish Churches" (Protestant and Catholic), in the name of Jesus, and of *any* instalment of salvation to Ireland, of which native country he is a passionate lover. I fear the poor man is maddish. But I have thought a thousand times, since seeing Ireland, to much the same effect, in the name of still higher entities and considerations—though virtuously holding my peace on the subject. The "Churches" alas, alas! Of all preachers and prophets and divine men wanted in Ireland (and in England, and Scotland, and all the other wretched lands, where hypocritical palaver reigns and rules and makes the world fetid and accursed) is the "Divine Drill-Sergeant" (as I often say) who, with steel whips or by whatever method, would teach poor canting slaves to *do* a little of the things they eloquently say (and even *know*) everywhere, and leave *undone*. Poor



Muloch! Really *is* there any such *totally* accursed *sin* as that (with no redeeming side at all): or even such general, nay universal one, in this illustrious thrice-hopeful epoch of Free Press, Emancipation, Toleration, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the rest of it?

Adieu, dear Duffy; you need not write about that sublime question of the deal shelves, only send for them if fit to be accepted. I have been all this winter, if not idle, terribly abstracted, terribly unsuccessful in regard to getting any work done! That really is the one thing "terrible" in this universe.

Yours, ever truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

He took at first but limited notice of Parliamentary men or affairs, but I brought Mrs. Carlyle and her friend, Miss Jewsbury, to luncheon at the House of Commons, where she met some old friends, and her lively fancy played about the subject so habitually afterwards that Carlyle was incited to take a little interest in it. He asked my opinion from time to time of the notable men in the Parliament of 1852, and uttered trenchant comments on them, but he knew little or nothing personally of the men in question, and on reading the notes I find them hardly worth publishing.

As session followed session I got more engrossed in Parliamentary work, and less able to visit Chelsea as of old. The work was something so engrossing as to exclude all other occupation. I served on a select committee on the Irish land question at that time, of which Lord Palmerston, Bright, Sergeant Shee, Lucas, and other notable men were members, and I frequently attended its sittings at noon, and did not escape from the House of Commons until after midnight, a life altogether incompatible with social engagements. Finally my health failed, and I had to take a holiday, during which a letter from Carlyle reached me.

CHELSEA, June 22, 1854.

DEAR DUFFY, — I have called repeatedly at your place, but without any definite answer, till Sunday last, when the little girl informed me you were "not to come back this season!" "Back" from Dublin or where, she could not say; nor, indeed, give any other response at all, except as to the negative fact, which has occasioned various confused reflections in me ever since. Once, in the *Nation*, I noticed the address of *Malvern* on one of your papers; and a little while before, I had seen with concern that some near relative had been taken from you by death. Pray, on all accounts, write me immediately a single word, wherever you may be (at Malvern still, as I could guess), to put an end to the freaks of imagination at least. Something evidently is wrong, or else

I should have seen you long ago; how much may be wrong, it is better to know, than to keep guessing, in the morbid humor one gets into. Alas! calamities abound, and sorrows of a harsh nature and also of a soft; and there is no want of burdens for the poor pilgrim in this world — who often gets foot-sore too, not so able to struggle along with his load. I am afraid you are not yourself in good health, in addition to all: but may have gone to Malvern, where indeed the fresh hill breezes may do you good, though the medical "sheetings," &c., not very much.

I am myself in rather poor case this long while; decidedly below par in bodily health, and with a very fair proportion of other things to keep my spirits from rising above their due level! My work, too, which ought to be the consolation for all sorrows, and is really the only conquest one can make in this world, sticks obstinately in the slough, these many long months, let me try and wriggle as I will: in fact, it is the most ungainly job I ever had; and *fine* enough to burn up such a mass of sordid litter, and extract the thread of gold out of it (if there be any in it), is actually not at my disposal in my present mood. Let us hope, let us hope, nevertheless! National Palaver and its affairs are without interest to me altogether of late; and, in fact, lie below the horizon as a thing I have no interest in. Crystal Palace, Turk War, Policy of Lord John, do. do. Not an *ideal* heroic world this; no, not by any means!

Yours, ever truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

#### TALK WITH THACKERAY.

DURING succeeding sessions I saw more of Carlyle, but had no leisure for notes; one pleasant day, however, I find duly recorded in my diary: —

July 28, [1855]. *Il Vero Tomaso* brought me to-day to see Thackeray. He is a large, robust, fresh-looking man, with hair turning grey. The expression of his face disappointed me; the damaged nose and bad teeth mar its otherwise benign effect, and were imperfectly relieved by a smile which was warm but hardly genial. He is near-sighted, and said, "he must put on his glasses to have a good look at me." He told me he had met some of my friends in America and liked them. John Dillon was a modest fellow, and Meagher pleased him by laughing at the popular ovations offered to him. They both said whatever they thought, frankly; rather a surprise to him, as in Ireland he had only met three men who spoke the truth; but then, he added, smiling, he had not made the acquaintance of the young Irishmen. I asked him if one might inquire the names of these three exceptional Irishmen. That would not be fair, he replied,

to the remainder of his acquaintances; but he did not mind saying that Deasy was one of them [Rickard Deasy, then an Irish member, afterwards attorney-general, and finally baron of the exchequer in Ireland]. He spoke of his intended lectures on the house of Hanover, and said he sometimes pondered the question whether every soul of these people he had to speak of was not d—d in the end. The Marquis of Hertford receiving London society in an attitude seen elsewhere only in hospitals, surrounded by smiling crowds, who ate his dinners and congratulated him on his good looks, was a story which could be told nakedly only by Swift.

I asked him about the Lindsay-Layard agitation, in which he had recently taken some part. He said they had ruined an excellent cause amongst them. Lindsay had made some remarkable statements certainly, but unhappily they did not bear investigation. Sir Charles Wood made pie of them. Layard was a good, simple soul, altogether unfit for the task he took in hand; he set himself to overthrow the aristocratic scheme of patronage, and quite recently complained to him that the aristocracy had ceased to ask him to dinner! The constitutional system was getting frightfully damaged in England, and we could not count on a long life for it in its present relations. I asked him how we were to get on in Ireland, where we had only the seamy side of it? He said he had never doubted our right to rebel against it, if we had only made sure of success; but in the name of social tranquillity and common sense, he denied the legitimacy of unsuccessful rebellion. I rejoined that it was no more possible to make sure beforehand that you were going to win in an insurrection than in a game of roulette. You had to take your chance in both cases. So far as my reading carried me, I found that a successful rebellion was often preceded by an unsuccessful one, which had the same identical provocation and justification as its more fortunate successor. I spoke rapidly of the Irish famine, the exportation of the natural food of the people to pay inordinate rents, the hopeless feebleness and fatuity of Lord John Russell's government, and the horrors of Skull and Skibereen, and I asked him to tell me, if he were an Irishman, what he would have done under the circumstances? He paused a moment, and replied: "I would perhaps have done as you did."

We afterwards walked out together towards Hyde Park. We met an Italian

image boy who had a bust of Louis Napoleon among the figures he carried on his head. Thackeray took off his hat and saluted it, half, but only half, mockingly, and murmured something about a man who understood his business and mastered the art of government. I said Carlyle's theory of governing by the best man would be very satisfactory if we could always contrive to catch the best man, but I objected under any pretence to be governed by the worst, however carefully he had studied the art.

We had been talking a little before of Prince Albert's speech (about constitutional government being on its trial) and Thackeray said that John Lemoine told him that he was reprimanded for reflecting on it in the *Journal des Débats*, and that he believed the instigation had come from Windsor. The talk turned upon books, and I told him I had noted with wonder the accuracy, or rather the fitness, of the Irish names of men and places in "Barry Lyndon," that being the point where a stranger usually blunders or breaks down. He said he had lived a good deal among Irish people in London and elsewhere. Carlyle graciously refrained from taking any part in the conversation, which struck me as a fine piece of courtesy.

As we walked towards Chelsea, after parting with Thackeray, Carlyle said that all this talk about administrative reform was very idle and worthless. The people of England lived by steadfast industry, and took no heed at all of questions of patronage and promotion. The public service in England was notoriously the honestest in Europe, the least liable to be diverted from its duty by any temptation, and that was nearly all one wanted to know about it. If there was any possibility of getting honest work done just now, there was much need of quite other work than those people had in hand. Think of the inorganic mass of men in the disjointed districts called London, with a population equal to that of half-a-dozen Greek States, bestridden by aldermen and vestrymen, with all their haranguing and debating apparatus, whom we are ordered to obey (if it were possible) as the guardians of our interests, but who could not supply us from year's end to year's end with a wholesome glass of clean water.

I said it might be of slight importance to prosperous people how the service was filled, but it was not a matter of indifference to the considerable class who found the public service their only road to employment that was not servile. It seemed

to me a serious and dangerous injustice in the English system that all the great prizes of public life were reserved for the aristocracy, and all the petty prizes for their nominees.

Carlyle replied that this assumption did not represent the actual fact as one found it in operation. The higher classes having more leisure and easier access to Parliament, naturally came in for more of the guerdons which were distributed in that region, but probably no one was denied the share he was fairly entitled to, especially in the highest offices.

Edmund Burke, I said, was a conspicuous example of one who had been denied his share.

Carlyle replied that he did not know what Edmund Burke had to complain of. He came to London having nothing, and people there, the aristocracy chiefly, made him a leading man in the business he worked in; he became a privy councillor and a minister of the crown, and died leaving a good estate. This was not an inconsiderable payment for the strange industry he was engaged in; what was to be desired more?

Why, I replied, he might have been recognized for what he undoubtedly was — the brain and soul of his party. He was never admitted to the Cabinet of which he framed the policy, and which he defended in the House of Commons with supreme ability. It seemed to me a public scandal that Charles Fox was set over the head of a man who taught him his business, only because Fox was one of the aristocracy, that is to say, the son of a disreputable and unprincipled politician, who had grown rich by nefarious jobbing, and was made a peer only because he had become intolerable to the House of Commons.

The Cabinet, Carlyle replied, was in those days composed for the most part of great peers, and Burke, or any one on his behalf, might as reasonably complain that he was not made a marquis as that he was not made a member of the Cabinet. There is perpetually something above a man which he does not attain, and it was good sense of a very essential sort to be content without it. Burke's achievements, which might have been conveniently abridged, had obtained in substance the reward he sought and expected.

I asked him about a lively little book, written by one of the Lindsay-Layard party, in a dialect which was then called Carlylese, and inquired if he had read it. Yes, he said, he had looked into it, and noted the resemblance I spoke of. It was

like his style, if he might be supposed to be a judge of the matter, as like perhaps as the reflection of his face in a dish-cover was like that entity.

He inquired whether the address of Malvern, which he read in a letter of mine in the newspapers, indicated that I had been at the water cure. I said it did. I read a pamphlet of Bulwer Lytton's, entitled the "Confessions of a Water Patient," describing the water cure as a magical remedy for the exhaustion of literary or political work, and I gave it a trial. The early hours, simple meals, and absolute rest, were balsamic; but I had slight faith in the system, which was kept alive largely by fables. We were told how patients were carried into the establishment, and after a few weeks walked out, but nothing was said of cases where the patients walked in, and were carried out in an oak box. The fanaticism of some of the patients passed belief. One poor fellow, who was visibly fading away, told me that his relapses were part of the cure; the doctor must break him down before he could build him up! Crowds of new patients arrived every week, and nobody asked what became of those who disappeared. My time passed pleasantly enough, as there were intelligent people to talk to — Indian officers, Oxford professors, Californian diggers, and London men and women of letters.

Carlyle said he had marvelled to note during the summer months what a steady stream of simpletons set from London to Worcestershire.

Yes, I said, simpletons tempted by sages. My bathman told me, and every one who would listen to him of his attendance on Mr. Carlyle, and of that great man's behavior under the douche, or wrapped in wet sheets like an Egyptian mummy swathed in its cerements. The bathman was a living witness that a man may still occasionally be a hero to his *valet de chambre*.

Carlyle laughed, and said that it was very proper that he should be found out. A number of friendly people, John Forster principally, he believed, induced him to go to Malvern on the evidence of Bulwer Lytton that it was a panacea for dyspepsia and all its kin, and he had fared as a man deserves to fare who puts faith in such testimony. He was somewhat ashamed of the adventure. Dr. Gully was not without insight, but somebody said — it was probably Thackeray — of the other practitioners that the system had been discovered in Germany and by an inspired

peasant, and was administered in England by peasants who were not inspired.

#### SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

I ASKED him about Mr. Helps, whose "Essays in the Intervals of Business" I had read with even more pleasure than "Friends in Council," though the vivid talk of the "Friends" gave a freshness even to commonplace. Elsmere seemed to me, I said, as dramatically conceived and as consistently drawn as Sir Roger de Coverley.

Mr. Helps, he answered, had been over in Ireland in an official situation, private secretary to the lord lieutenant or other eminent personage, but he left this place to retire on literature exclusively. He had been a rich man, but latterly had lost some of his fortune somehow, and now lived near Southampton and wrote books. He was not at all a considerable man, but he had some truth in him, and pretty bits of fancy too. One of his little books reduced him to death's door in producing it, and there was a long convalescence in each case. He was writing now on the slave trade from the far-off beginning of it. He was rather wearisome, from the little bits of theories and speculations he kept talking and talking about, and he had a bad fashion, which he learned up in London, of making a joke of everything that turned up, even when one could perceive he was serious and anxious at bottom. When Emerson was in England, Helps met him and Carlyle down at Stonehenge, and brought them home with him. The circumstance remained in his memory because Emerson broached some amazing theories there about war altogether ceasing in the world, but when he was closely pressed on the method of this prodigious change, luckily for him luncheon was announced, and he would not speak one word more.

#### AUSTRALIA.

IN the autumn of 1855, I resigned my seat in the House of Commons and emigrated to Australia. The end for which I entered Parliament had been rendered hopeless by the perfidy of some of my colleagues, and I resolved to mark my sense of the condition to which they had reduced the Irish cause by peremptory retirement.\* In July I said farewell to the Carlyles, sailed three months later, and landed at Melbourne in the beginning of 1856. During my first three years in Aus-

tralia the only communication from Carlyle were a couple of brief letters of introduction; but in 1859 the stream began to flow anew.

The reference in the next letter to a town alludes to the township of Carlyle on the Murray River, which, as minister of public lands, I had named after the philosopher.

CHELSEA, LONDON, April 13, 1859.

DEAR DUFFY,—I confess I have been remiss in writing to you; shamefully so, if you did not know the circumstances, or believe in them without knowing! To want of remembering you I will by no means plead guilty; and I have had no letters, or one and a half (with excellent continuation by Mrs. Callan) which were heartily welcomed—weltered than hundreds that did get answer of some kind! The truth is I have been swimming in bottomless abysses, whipt and whirled about as man never was, for long years past; and there are still many months of it ahead; it was after all this should have once rolled itself away that I always want to write to you, a free man once more (no Prussian or other rubbish crushing the life out of me), till which fine consummation, though my conscience did a little back upon me now and then, it backed to no purpose, as you have seen! This is the true history of that phenomenon; and I leave it with you.

As I said, there are months and twelve-months still of that sad Prussian operative pressing on me; and one knows not how long the foolish speechlessness might have lasted, had it not been for a message that arrived this morning, the letter here inclosed, which cannot brook being neglected by me. I shove Frederick aside, therefore (more luck to him), and hasten, with a bad or good grace, to do the needful.

Please read carefully that inclosed letter from Macready to me; it will bring the whole case accurately before you; and if you can do anything in it, I will earnestly request you, for my sake withal, to do it with your best might. I know not if you are aware, as I am, that the private worth and merits of Mr. Macready, senior, are of the highest order; a man of scrupulous veracity, correctness, integrity, a kind of *Grandisonian* style of magnanimity, both in substance and manner, visible in all his conduct. I have often said, looking at his ways as a "public" person, "Here is a playhouse manager dependant on the populace for everything, and there is no bishop of souls in England who dare appeal to the truth, and defy the devil and his angels, except this very singular" bishop, whose diocese is Drury Lane. In fact, I greatly esteem the man; and his domestic losses and distresses (loss of an excellent, noble little wife; loss of child after child, so soon as they grew up; loss of &c. &c.) have filled me and others with sympathy for him in these years. I add only that he is an Irishman (that his wife was

\* The story is told in detail in the "League of North and South." Chapman & Hall.

Irish, a pretty little being, whom I think he found an *actress*, and whom he left a high and real gentlewoman in her sphere), so that you see the whole case is Irish; and if Macready junior, whom I do not know, but whose father's account of him I credit to the last particular, *can* be launched in an honest career, and made useful among his fellow creatures, it will be, on every side, in the line of your vocation. This I think is about the substance of all I had to say. You will take it all for truth, my exactest notion of the truth; and then I must leave it with you. The young man will appear in person, and you can take survey of him. What is fairly possible I have no doubt you will do; and I need not repeat that it would be pleasant to me among its other results. So enough.

The "Township of Carlyle" (more power to it) amused us very much, and there was in it a kind of interest, pathetic and other, which was higher than amusement. "Stuart-Mill Street," "Sterling Street" (especially Jane Street) I could almost have wept a little (had any tears now remained me) at these strange handwritings on the wall; stern and sad, the meaning of that to me, as well as laughable. In short, it is a very pretty device; and if in the chief square or place they one day put the statue of C. G. D. himself, when he has become head in the colony and led it into the *good* way (which is far off just now), I shall by no means be sorry. For the rest, the Plans, &c., of Carlyle are firmly bound and secured, along with a learned volume of Scottish antiquarian biography, and there wait till they become antique if possible. I send the most cordial regards to Mrs. Callan, amiable, much suffering body. I am, as of old,

Yours truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

This was the letter enclosed:—

SHERBORNE, April 13, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I have a great favor to ask of you, a most important service; which, in the belief that, if you can, you will render it, becomes on my part a duty to request of you. I might introduce the subject with preparatory apologies, but I know I should gain nothing by them in your opinion or in the furtherance of the object of my application; and that, if there should be impediments to your acquiescence in my solicitation, they will be valid ones.

My second son, after some indecision, adopted of his own free choice the military profession and entered the East India Company's service with the most hopeful prospects of advancement. Unhappily he was not proof to the idle and reckless course of life too often pursued by Indian officers, and, after a brief career of folly and extravagance, was obliged from insubordinately resenting the rebuke of his commanding officer, to resign his commission.

I have reason to believe he is now thoroughly awakened to a sense of his indiscre-

tion, and is deeply repentant of the ill conduct into which he has been betrayed. I have full faith in the sincerity of his penitence, and of his desire and determination to redeem himself in character, if he can only obtain the means of exerting himself creditably.

He is still in Bombay, where he has been unsuccessful (as indeed might naturally be expected) in all his endeavors to obtain employment. On all accounts it is desirable that he should leave India; and Australia seems the only land, where by diligence, endurance, and upright bearing, he may have a chance of raising himself in the esteem of friends and in his own respect. Our mutual friend, Forster, informs me that Mr. Gavan Duffy, who holds office there, which gives him the distribution of employment to a very considerable extent, would be happy in paying attention to any suggestion of yours. Here is my prayer: if you can befriend my unfortunate boy with your interest, he may yet do credit to his family and to your recommendation. My last wish would be a sinecure, or even easy work for him. The discipline of systematic effort is needful to sustain his good resolutions, and may be the making of him. His colonel, in writing to me, laid stress upon the point, that in his errors he knew of nothing to bring his honor into question; and his recent letters give me assurance, that if opportunity be granted to him, he will never again abuse it.

Can you assist me in this most pressing need, either by writing direct to Mr. Duffy, or through the hands of my son Edward. He is only 23, and has drunk deeply enough of adversity's bitter cup to receive from it a healthful tone for the life that may be before him. He is not without abilities, and with industry may turn them to good account.

I am bold to think, that if you can thus greatly serve me you will do it. I will not say, being sure you *know*, how gratefully I should receive this saving act of friendship from you. I have been going to write to Mrs. Carlyle about an intimation of a western journey, which she held out; will you say to her, with my most affectionate regards, that I defer the letter but a little longer?—Believe me, dear Mr. Carlyle, always and most sincerely yours,

W. C. MACREADY

Macready Junior duly appeared, and was a gentlemanly, prepossessing young fellow, with considerable intelligence and observation. He spoke of his Indian experience with perfect unreserve, and bewailed the ruin of young officers from indolence, and the habit of tipping brandy-and-water which the climate induced. He spoke like one who saw and deplored errors of his own, which he would scorn to conceal. I was pleased with him, and offered him an admission to the civil service of the colony, where none of the



temptations which assailed him in military service need exist, and where he might re-establish himself in the good opinion of his father. He surprised me by replying that he had no desire to enter the public service; he believed he possessed some of the gifts which made his father famous, and would prefer to try the stage. I predicted that his father would disapprove of this design, but he was immovable. I took him to Mr. Coppin, the manager of the principal Melbourne theatre, and as the young man thought that light comedy was his speciality, Mr. Coppin agreed to give him an opportunity of playing Captain Absolute, provided his real name appeared in the play-bills. Mr. Macready drew one great audience, but not a second, and he gradually descended in the theatrical scale till he reached the bottom, and finally died prematurely.

His father acknowledged my slight services warmly, and I kept an eye on the young man as long as there was any hope of helping him effectually.

SHERBORNE HOUSE, SHERBORNE, DORSET,  
*January 24, 1860.*

MY DEAR SIR, — It is not an easy thing to satisfy oneself in acknowledging benefits of the greatest value, and which are beyond the reach of requital. I am quite unequal to the task. You have done all that a *friend* could do to withdraw my son from a dangerous, I may say an evil course, and aided him, as far as prudence could warrant, even when persisting in his most blamable resolution.

My thanks are poor and weak in conveying to you my sense of your great kindness, and of my lasting obligation to you; but you will accept them, I am sure, in the spirit of sincerity in which they are offered.

You will still further oblige me by drawing on me at Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie & Co., 1 Pall Mall East, for the £10 which you so obligingly furnished my son. He had no right to be in need of it, and the adoption of the mode of life he has resorted to, he knew is beyond all others most repugnant to my wishes.

I need not add my request that you will not make him any further advance. It is a sad reflection, that he should have turned to such a purpose the means I had used for re-establishing him in a respectable position. But for all you have done to deter him and forward my views for him, I am, and must ever be, your truly grateful debtor. — Believe me, my dear sir, your deeply obliged, and very faithful,

W. C. MACREADY.

HOB. GAVAN DUFFY.

I made some renewed efforts to restore the young man to serious courses, which his father acknowledged profusely.

6 WELLINGTON SQUARE, CHELTENHAM,  
*August 7, 1860.*

MY DEAR SIR, — I feel more obliged to you than I have powers of expression for. You have done all in your power to rescue my son from the desperate course in which he has deliberately precipitated himself, and my gratitude to you for such invaluable service is sincere and most fervent.

I wish I could encourage the hope, that he may yet see the error of his ways, and avail himself of your ready wish to aid him in recovering himself. I can only say, God grant it, again and again thanking you for your great kindness.

With every cordial wish for your health and happiness, — I remain, my dear sir, most sincerely and gratefully yours,

W. C. MACREADY.

HOB. GAVAN DUFFY.

SIR HENRY PARKES.

THE Parkes to whom the next note refers was Sir Henry Parkes, prime minister of New South Wales down to the close of last year, but at the time Carlyle wrote emigration agent for his colony in England. His fellow agent for emigration was William Bede Dalley, whose share in the Australian expedition to the Soudan has procured him the honor of a memorial tablet in St. Paul's — the first Irish Catholic on whom such a distinction was conferred.

CHELSEA, *November 10, 1861.*

DEAR DUFFY, — Your friend Parkes, who did not present himself till quite lately, "hearing I was so busy," came the other evening, and gave us a few pleasant hours. We find him a robust, effective, intelligent, and sincere kind of man, extremely loyal to C. G. D.; which is not one of his smallest merits here. He gave me several more precise notions about Australian life; seemed to be thoroughly at home in the anarchic democratic Universal-Palaver element, and to swim about it, with a candid joy, like a fish in water; and indeed, I could not but own that in comparison with the old Colonial Office and Parliamentary-Fogie methods of administration, it might be a real improvement; and that, in short, in the present anarchic condition of England, there was nothing for it, but to let her colonies go, in this wild manner, down the wind, whither they listed, till once it became insupportable to the poor minority of wise men among themselves, and they (probably sword-in-hand) could resolve to take some course with it, life to them having grown worse than death under such conditions. It is my prophecy for Yankeeland, and for England, and for all countries with National-Palaver and Penny Newspapers in them; if the gods intend that these nations are to continue above ground, said Nations will have to abolish, or tightly chain up, all that (so far as I can form the last opinion), or if the nation prefers not to abolish,

it can at its own good pleasure go down; to very hot quarters indeed, and will find me a resigned man, whichever way! But I waste my paper sadly.

The worst news Parkes gave us was, that you did not seem to be in good health; bad health he sometimes defined your situation to be, when we pressed him for details. That you are out of office for the last eighteen months is, since you have means of modest livelihood independent, rather a pleasure to hear; but this of health—Alas, alas! could not the Victoria people be persuaded to send you as their "Agent" hitherward? Anything that would bring you home, how welcome were it to us! Or would not your means, though modest, enable you to live here as well as at Melbourne? What a book you might write on that wild continent of things; what books and instructions; how much good you might really do. If not loaded with nuggets, if only able to live as a poor man, so much the better, on my word. You promised to come home at any rate, and see us again. If you delay too long, some of us will not be discoverable here, when you land expectant. I write to try for a letter, at the greatest length you can afford, and without long time, elucidating these and the cognate points, which you need not doubt are at all times interesting to me. Many people, as you may fancy, have criticised you to me; I answer always, "Yes, yes, and of all the men I saw in Ireland, the two best, so far as I could judge, were Lord George Hill and Charles Duffy, even he and that other!"

By the *lex talionis* I have not the least right to a letter; but if you knew the case here, you would completely drop that plea. It is a literal fact that I have not, for years past, any leisure at all; but have had to withdraw out of all society, and employ every available minute of my day (hardly four good hours to be had out of it with never such thrift, in these sad circumstances!) for running a race, which is too literally a flight from the infernal Hunt, who is at my heels till I get out of that bad Prussian business. I ride daily, have ridden on a horse, which I call "Fritz" (an amiable, swift, loyal creature, now falling old) for eight years past; I think about 24,000 miles or so in quest "of health to go on with;" and do not write the smallest note if it can possibly be helped! This is true, and I will say no more of it; only let it serve you for an explanation, and in the course of next summer or autumn, I do now hope I shall be out of this unutterable quagmire (dark to me as Erebus, too often, and too long); and shall then have more leisure, leisure to the end of the chapter, as I intend! For I have for once got a complete bellyful of "work"—curiously enough reserved for me to finish off with. In my young time I had no work that was not a mere flea-bite to this which lay appointed for my old days.

It is only by accident I have found time and spirit to write you so much. My intention,

unexecuted for weeks and months back, was only to send you the enclosed bad photograph accompanied by a word or two, which might stand as apology for a letter. I dare say you recognize the riding figure, though he has little or no face allowed. The standing gentleman is Frederic Chapman, junior, of the firm, a prosperous gentleman who has dismounted from a horse ditto. There is a strange worth in indisputable certainty, however limited. I wish you would send me such a sun-picture from Melbourne; it would be very welcome here. Will you give my affectionate regards to Mrs. Callan? Parkes told me the doctor had got an honorable and profitable employment in his noble profession, which I was very glad of. My wife desires to be remembered, as do I, kindly to Mrs. D—, of whom I have still an agreeable shadow left.

Yours, ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

That visit home referred to in Carlyle's last letter was made in the beginning of 1865, after ten years' residence in Australia. A few days after my return, before I had time to visit Chelsea, I had a pleasant note from Mrs. Carlyle.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,  
Wednesday, April 26, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. DUFFY,—Mr. Carlyle read in a newspaper ten days ago that you had "returned from Australia, and were stopping in London." I said it couldn't be true; for you wouldn't have been many hours in London without coming to see us. But Mr. C. thought otherwise—that you might have found no time yet—and he desired me to put George Cooke (a friend of ours who can find out everything) on discovering where you were lodged. Had this failed I suppose he would have advertised for you in the *Times*; if still you had made no sign!

You may figure then how glad I was when your letter and basket arrived to me this morning, just as I was starting off for my long daily drive. Since I came back I have done nothing but admire the various presents you have sent me, and think how kind it was of you to collect these things for me so far away.

But we want to see you; when will you come?

Mr. C. says he is going to call for you tomorrow morning; but most likely you will be gone out. So it would be best to make an appointment to meet here at dinner, say at six o'clock, when a man's day's work is or ought to be done! Name any day you like, only let it be soon if you please, for I am impatient to see you.

Affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

HON. CHAS. GAVAN DUFFY, Grosvenor Hotel.

I remained a couple of years in Europe, and when in London went to Cheyne

Row constantly. On Sunday I generally walked two or three hours in the parks with Carlyle; he talked as frankly as of old, but I was closely engaged and had seldom leisure to make notes. A few exceptional conversations, however, I have found in a diary in which I kept reminiscences of travel.

When I saw him first he thanked me for acting so promptly on his letters of introduction, and inquired if these sort of things were commonly of much use to emigrants. I said they were like French assignats, the emission was so excessive that no one any longer wished to touch them. It was easy to write a letter, but it was cruel to write it, if it raised hopes which could not be realized. And as of old there were forged assignats in circulation; a man brought me from New York a familiar and affectionate letter which I had reason in the end to believe he purchased, and it was from a person whose name I had never heard before. I was most provoked by introductions from men in Parliament and office who had patronage of their own. There was a case in the English newspapers a few years ago arising out of a complaint a schoolmistress made against a minister of state, one of the most conspicuous men in Europe indeed, and shortly afterwards the lady and her husband appeared in Melbourne and he called upon me with a couple of impressive introductions from important persons. I asked him if he were the plaintiff in such and such a case, and he said "Yes." I asked if the charges against Lord P— were well founded. "Ah," he said, "that was a long story." "Well," I replied, "I must understand your long story very distinctly before I take these letters of introduction into consideration." I extracted from him by patient cross-examination that certain influential friends had advised him to drop the case, that the same generous patrons had sent him to Australia with a couple of hundred pounds in his pocket, and armed with irresistible letters of recommendation. I was in doubt at the outset whether he was an honest man driven to emigrate by powerful enemies, a blackmailer who had made a false charge against an eminent statesman, or an injured man who had salved the wound to honor by a handful of money. He left me in no doubt upon the point, and I showed him to the door and threw his letters of introduction into the waste-paper basket.

Carlyle inquired who had sent the letters, and when he heard their names

condemned them sharply. One of my correspondents in London afterwards told me that when the septuagenarian (who had as little sense of moral diffidence as one of Congreve's fine gentlemen) was rallied by his colleagues on this unseemly adventure, he murmured gaily, "*Que voulez-vous?* Boys will be boys."

Carlyle told me an amusing story about the same eminent personage. There was a State dinner at his house including the cream of the official world. Every one present except the wife of the American minister was familiar with a scandal which attributed to their host illegitimate relations with the wife of one of his colleagues, whom he married after her husband's death. Her son during the first marriage was brought in to dessert at the State dinner. When he approached the American lady she put her hand on the boy's head and looking affectionately at her host exclaimed, "Ah, my lord, no one need ask who is this young gentleman's papa."

I spoke to him of Cobden, whose death I had heard of with the deepest regret, from the pilot who came on board our ship in the Channel, who was full of the tragic news. Yes, he said, a pack of idle, shrieking creatures were going about crying out that the great Richard was dead, as if the world was coming to an end, which it was not at all, at least in that regard. Bright, he considered one of the foolishlest creatures he had ever heard of, clamoring about America and universal suffrage, as if there was any sensible man anywhere in the world who put the smallest confidence in that sort of thing nowadays. Their free trade was the most intense nonsense that ever provoked human patience. The people of Australia were quite right to protect their industries and teach their young men trades in complete disregard of Parliamentary and platform palaver. No nation ever got manufactures in any other way.

I said it was not desirable to have a permanent population of diggers ready to fly from "rush" to rush, as new discoveries were made, but, if possible, a settled population engaged in all the ordinary pursuits of life; and Australians were willing to make a sacrifice to secure this end. They did right, he said, and I might lay this to heart, that of all the mad pursuits any people ever took up gold digging was the maddest and stupidest. If they got as much gold as would make a bridge from Australia to Europe it would not be worth a mealy potato to mankind.

The next time I saw him he told me

that he had consented to be nominated lord rector of Edinburgh University on condition that no inaugural address should be required from him. His rival was Disraeli, who beat him before at Glasgow — being a person altogether more agreeable to the popular taste. Madame, who was present, assured me, however, that an address would be forthcoming in good time. He makes light of the affair, treating it as a bore, which perhaps, after all, it was better to endure patiently, since certain persons took an interest and had taken trouble in the business. Both he and she have a repressed but very natural and justifiable pride in it nevertheless.

Two days later I went over to Cheyne Row and found Madame going out to dine with Lady William Russell. I drove with her and had a very pleasant talk. She is frankly proud of the lord rectorship intended for Carlyle, and declares that he must deliver an address. She told with admirable humor a story of her going to inquire for a lost dog, to the shop of one of the gentry whose profession it is to find and lose dogs. When she entered she meant to ask him if he sold dogs, but her mind was so possessed by the actual facts of the case, that she blurted out, "Pray, sir, do you steal dogs?" Returned to Cheyne Row, where two Southern Americans, Colonel Latrobe and Mr. Thomson were with Carlyle. They were evidently delighted with Carlyle's pro-slavery opinions. He insists that the South cannot be ruled on New England principles, and that towards any solution of the difficulty it would be indispensable to return to some modification of slave-holding.

I must mention a couple of incidents at this period which will not surprise those who knew Carlyle, but are hard to reconcile with the new theory of his domineering disposition and impatience of contradiction. In fact, good-humored and good-natured dissent were never accepted with more equanimity and cordiality by any man, and if it bore a little hard on himself or his opinions, it had not the worse reception for that.

One Sunday walking to Battersea Park with two or three friends, one of whom since became a judge and another was an eminent man of letters, we came on a street-preacher haranguing a mob at the top of his voice. "Will you open your ears to the word of God, my brethren?" he cried. "Do you accept this message which I bring you from the fountain of living truth?" "Not altogether, my friend, if you insist upon knowing," Carlyle whis-

pered with comical emphasis when we had passed the preacher. "And why not?" asked one of his friends. "You reject him with scorn, but what he looks to you is precisely what the first Puritan looked to Laud or Strafford — an ignorant fanatic dogmatizing on questions which he did not understand."

One evening he was declaiming against Oxford converts, a theme which he knew I disliked, for Dr. Newman was an honored friend. When he had finished I told him that a comrade of mine was fond of saying that Carlyle's contempt for Newman suggested Satan disparaging the archangel Michael. "Why, sir, Michael, Satan would probably say, is a poor creature; he has never seen the world, but dozed away life in unquestioning service and submission. Michael, if one will consider it well, has the intellect of a cherub, a cherub, you will please to understand, docked at the shoulders, with nothing left but a bullet head to construct little bits of sermons and syllogisms."

Carlyle laughed and said he would have to insist in the end on my naming this anonymous critic who was forever turning up as counsel for the other side. He manifestly suspected that I myself was the unknown critic, but this pleasant parody on Carlyle's method had been actually improvised over the dinner table in these identical terms by the late Judge O'Hagan.

#### CURRENT LITERATURE.

I INQUIRED shortly after seeing him whether he would follow Frederick by any other historical study. No, he said, he would probably write no more books; writing books was a task to which a man could not be properly encouraged in these times. Modern literature was all purposeless and distracted, and led he knew not where. Its professors were on the wrong path just now, and he believed the world would soon discover that some practical work done was worth innumerable "Oliver Twists" and "Harry Lorrequers," and any amount of other ingenious dancing on the slack rope. The journalism which called itself critical had grown altogether Gallic, and exulted over the windy platitudes of Lamartine and the erotics of George Sand.

Mrs. Carlyle, who was present, said we had small right to throw the first stone at George Sand, though she was caught in the same predicament as the woman of old, if we considered what sort of literary ladies might be found in London at pres-

ent. When one was first told that the strong woman of the *Westminster Review* had gone off with a man whom we all knew, it was as startling an announcement as if one heard that a woman of your acquaintance had gone off with the strong man at Astley's; but that the partners had set up as moralists was a graver surprise. To renounce George Sand as a teacher of morals was right enough, but it was scarcely consistent with making so much of our own George in that capacity. A marvellous teacher of morals, and still more marvellous in the other character, for which nature had not provided her with the outfit supposed to be essential.

The gallant, I said, was as badly equipped for an Adonis, and conqueror of hearts. Yes, Carlyle replied, he was certainly the ugliest little fellow you could anywhere meet, but he was lively and pleasant. In this final adventure it must be admitted he had escaped from worse, and might even be said to have ranged himself. He had originally married a bright little woman, daughter of Swinfin Jervis, a Welsh member; but every one knew how that adventure had turned out. Miss Evans advised him to quit a household which had broken bonds in every direction. His proceeding was not to be applauded, but it could scarcely be said that he had gone from bad to worse.

#### A DISPUTE.

IN all our intercourse for more than a generation I had only one quarrel with Carlyle, which occurred about this time, and I wish to record it because, in my opinion, he behaved generously and even magnanimously. Commenting on some transaction of the day, I spoke with indignation of the treatment of Ireland by her stronger sister. Carlyle replied that if he must say the whole truth it was his opinion that Ireland had brought all her misfortunes on herself. She had committed a great sin in refusing and resisting the Reformation. In England, and especially in Scotland, certain men who had grown altogether intolerant of the condition of the world arose and swore that this thing should not continue though the earth and the devil united to uphold it, and their vehement protest was heard by the whole universe, and whatever had been done for human liberty from that time forth, in the English Commonwealth, in the French Revolution, and the like, was the product of this protest.

It was a great sin for nations to darken their eyes against light like this, and Ire-

land, which had persistently done so, was punished accordingly. It was hard to say how far England was blamable in trying by trenchant laws to compel her into the right course, till in latter times it was found the attempt was wholly useless, and then properly given up. He found, and any one might see who looked into the matter a little, that countries had prospered or fallen into helpless ruin in exact proportion as they had helped or resisted this message. The most peaceful, hopeful nations in the world just now were the descendants of the men who had said: "Away with all your trash; we will believe in none of it; we scorn your threats of damnation; on the whole we prefer going down to hell with a true story in our mouths to gaining heaven by any holy legerdemain." Ireland refused to believe and must take the consequences, one of which, he would venture to point out, was a population preternaturally ignorant and lazy.

I was very angry, and I replied vehemently, that the upshot of his homily was that Ireland was rightly trampled upon, and plundered for three centuries, for not believing in the Thirty-nine Articles; but did he believe in a tittle of them himself? If he did believe them, what was the meaning of his exhortations to get rid of Hebrew old clothes, and put off Hebrew spectacles? If he did not believe them, it seemed to me that he might, on his own showing, be trampled upon, and robbed as properly as Ireland for rejecting what he called the manifest truth. Queen Elizabeth, or her father, or any of the Englishmen or Scotchmen who rose for the deliverance of the world, and so forth, would have made as short work of him as they did of popish recusants. Ireland was ignorant he said, but did he take the trouble of considering that for three generations to seek education was an offence strictly prohibited and punished by law. Down to the time of the Reform Act, and the coming into power of the reformers, the only education tendered to the Irish people was mixed with the soot of hypocrisy and profanation. When I was a boy, in search of education, there was not in a whole province, where the successors of these English and Scotch prophets had had their own way, a single school for Catholic boys above the condition of a Poor School. My guardian had to determine whether I should do without education, or seek it in a Protestant school where I was regarded as an intruder; not an agreeable experiment in the province of Ulster I could



assure him. This was what I, for my part, owed to these missionaries of light and civilization. The Irish people were lazy, he said, taking no account of the fact that the fruits of their labor were not protected by law, but left a prey to their landlords, who plundered them without shame or mercy. Peasants were not industrious, under such conditions, nor would philosophers be for that matter I fancied. If the people of Ireland found the doctrines of the Reformation incredible three hundred years ago, why were they not as well entitled to reject them then as he was to reject them to-day? In my opinion, they were better entitled. A nation which had been the school of the West, a people who had sent missionaries throughout Europe to win barbarous races to Christianity, who interpreted in its obvious sense God's promise to be always with his Church, suddenly heard that a king of unbridled and unlawful passions undertook to modify the laws of God for his own convenience, and that his ministers and courtiers were bribed into acquiescence by the plunder of monasteries and churches; what wonder that they declared that they would die rather than be partners in such a transaction. It might be worth remembering that the pretensions of Anne Boleyn's husband, to found a new religion, seemed as absurd and profane to these Irishmen, as the similar pretensions of Joe Smith seemed to all of us at present. After all they had endured the people of Ireland might compare with any in the world for the only virtues they were permitted to cultivate, piety, chastity, simplicity, hospitality to the stranger, fidelity to friends, and the magnanimity of self-sacrifice for truth and justice. When we were touring in Ireland together twenty years before with the phenomena under our eyes, he himself declared that after a trial of three centuries, there was more vitality in Catholicism than in this saving light to which the people had blinded their eyes.

Mrs. Carlyle and John Forster, who were present, looked at each other in consternation as if a catastrophe was imminent; but Carlyle replied placidly, "That there was no great life, he apprehended, in either of these systems at present; men looked to something quite different from that for their guidance just now."

I could not refrain from returning to the subject. Countries which had refused to relinquish their faith were less prosperous, he insisted, than those who placidly followed the royal Reformers in Germany

and England. Perhaps they were; but worldly prosperity was the last test I expected to hear him apply to the merits of a people. If this was to be a test, the Jews left the Reformers a long way in the rear.

When nations were habitually peaceful and prosperous, he replied, it might be inferred that they dealt honestly with the rest of mankind, for this was the necessary basis of any prosperity that was not altogether ephemeral, and, as conduct was the fruit of conviction, it might be further inferred, with perfect safety, that they had had honest teaching which was the manifest fact in the cases he specified.

I was much heated, and I took myself off as soon as I could discreetly do so. The same evening, I met Carlyle at dinner at John Forster's. I sat beside him, and had a pleasant talk, and neither then, nor at any future time, did he resent my brusque criticism, by the slightest sign of displeasure. This is a fact, I think, which a generous reader will recognize to be altogether incompatible with the recent estimate of Carlyle as a man of impatient temper, and arrogant, overbearing self-will.

#### MODERN ART.

As we passed one day the Albert Memorial going to Hyde Park, he spoke of the chaotic condition of art like all the other intellectual pursuits. England had not been fortunate in expressing her ideas in this region more than any other, quite otherwise than fortunate indeed. Some one had compared the memorial to a wedding-cake with a gilded marionette mounted on it; the effect produced was insignificant or altogether grotesque. The huge edifice called the new Palace of Westminster was not insignificant or grotesque, but it wanted the unity of design which is apt to impress one in a work which is a single birth from one competent mind. When Thackeray saw the river front he said he saw no reason why it stopped; it ended nowhere, and might just as well have gone on to Chelsea.

I asked who was responsible for the disappointing effect of the Albert Memorial. The person to be contented he said was the queen. She lived in such an atmosphere of courtly exaggeration that she ceased to comprehend the true relation and proportion of things. Hence the tremendous outcry over Prince Albert, who was in no respect a very remarkable man. He had had a certain practical German sense in him too, which prevented him

from running counter to the feelings of the English people, but that was all. He was very ill-liked among the aristocracy who came into personal relations with him. Queen Victoria had a preternaturally good time of it with the English people; owing a good deal to reaction from the hatred which George IV. had excited. Her son one might fear would pay the penalty in a stormy and perilous reign. He gave no promise of being a man fit to perform the tremendous task appointed him to do, and indeed one looked in vain anywhere just now for the man who would lead England back to better ways than she had fallen into in our time.

Speaking of the relations of Ireland and Scotland, he said Scotia Major and Scotia Minor owed each other mutual services running back to the dawn of history. Scotland sent St. Patrick to civilize the western isle, and in good time the western isle sent Columbkille and other spiritual descendants of St. Patrick to teach the Scottish Celts their duties towards the Eternal Ruler and his laws.

I said it was disputed whether Scotland had sent St. Patrick to Ireland; a friend of mine, Mr. Cashel Hoey, had recently written a paper to demonstrate that St. Patrick was a Frenchman.

A Frenchman! he echoed; what strain of human perversity could induce an Irishman to desire to see it admitted that St. Patrick was a Frenchman? I laughed, and replied that the object probably was to relieve him from the reproach of being a Scotchman.

Well, he said, in a bantering tone, we might rely it was a controversy in no respect likely to arise about any other Irish personage, whether he was a Scotchman.

I was in Ireland when the news reached me of Mrs. Carlyle's sudden death. There was none of her sex outside my own immediate kith and kin whose loss would have touched me so nearly. I had known her for thirty years, always gracious and cheerful, even when physical pain or social troubles disturbed her tranquillity. She was perhaps easily troubled, for she was of the sensitive natures who expect more from life than it commonly yields. I verily believe her married life was as serene, sympathetic, and satisfying as those of ninety-five out of a hundred of the exceptionally endowed classes who constitute society. The greatly gifted are rarely content; they anticipate and desire something beyond their experience, and find troubles where to robust natures there

would be none. There was an incident connected with her death which has always struck me as peculiarly tragic. When the news reached her husband by telegram, fresh from his election as rector of the University of Edinburgh, he retired into absolute privacy, but his letters were brought to him next morning, and among them was one from her whom he knew to be dead, full of triumph at his success, and of lively speculations on the future.

When I saw Carlyle again some weeks after her funeral I found him composed, and at times even cheerful. His fresh mourning, a deep, folding collar, and other puritanical abundance of snowy linen crowned with a head of silver grey, became him, and gave a stranger the impression of a noble and venerable old man. There is a photograph engraved with some of the memorials of him, which exhibits a man plunged in gloomy reverie, which did not resemble him even at that painful era, and is a caricature of the ordinary man. The photographer caught him doubtless in some fit of dyspepsia, and obtained quite an exceptional result. Before his great trouble, and even afterwards, his manner was composed and cheerful, and in earlier times no one was readier to indulge in badinage and banter; a smile was much more familiar to his face than a frown or a cloud.

When I returned to Australia the correspondence recommenced. The pains Carlyle took to recommend for employment young men whom he was never likely to see in the world again reveals the true nature of the man, generous, considerate, and sympathetic.

CHELSEA, March 1, 1868.

DEAR DUFFY,—Many thanks for your kindness to R— on his arrival; it is a full honoring of the bill I drew on you in that respect; and whatever more ensues shall rest with yourself only, and your own discernment of the facts, not mine any further. That was a very awkward and provoking blunder, doubtless, that about the newspaper; but I ought to tell you withal that I believe it proceeded altogether from ignorance and irresolution in the matter; and that "pride" had no share in it at any stage. The poor fellow, at our first meeting, cautiously told me he was busy night and day writing "a novel," and had the better half of it done, lodging the while with some charitable comrade. "Literature" on those terms, *versus* Famine, his one alternative. You may guess what approval this project met with from me. "Better die," I said, with denunciation of "Literature" so called, especially of newspaper work and its raging blackguardisms (as here in London),

the wages of which, however high, I pronounced to be Bedlam and Gehenna, *worse* almost than all other wages of sin! At our second meeting, after some weeks of consideration, R—gratified me much by the report that he had now ("last night," if I remember) *burnt* out of the world his "novel" and all that held of it, and was wholly resolute now for a life of silent *working* as the real crown for him. This will have been, this and not "pride," his reason for rejecting your kind offer in that department; then soon after he will have repented (would have helped for the moment though) been ashamed to trouble you again on it, tried to help himself by the direct course, and so have gone into the quagmire, on ground he knew nothing of! Let him have the benefit of this hypothesis, if you can, as I think; and that is all I will say or expect on the matter.

You say nothing of yourself or of your big Australian world, on both which points, especially the former, you might have expected a willing listener surely. I do not even know clearly whether you are in office again or not. A returned emigrant (newspaper editor, I think, but certainly a sensible and credible kind of man) gave me very discouraging accounts not long since of the state of *immigration* among you. "Next to *no* immigration at all," reports he; "the excellent *Duffy Land Law* made of even no effect" by scandalous "auctioneering jobbers" and other vulpine combinations and creatures, whose modes and procedures I did not well understand. But the news itself was to me extremely bad. For the roaring anarchies of America itself, and of all our incipient "Americas," justify themselves to me by this one plea, "Angry sir, we couldn't help it; and we anarchies, and all (as you may see) are conquering the wilderness, as perhaps your Friedrich William, or Friedrich himself, could not have *guided* us to do, and are offering homes and arable communion with mother earth and her blessed verities to all the anarchies of the world which have quite lost their way." Australia, of a certainty, ought to leave her gates wide open in this respect at all times; nay, it were well for her could she build a free bridge ("flying bridge") between Europe and her, and encourage the deserving to stream across. I pray you, if ever the opportunity offer, do your very best in this interest, and consider it as, silently or vocally, of the very essence of your function (appointed you by Heaven itself) in that Antipodal world! And excuse this little bit of preaching, for it is meant altogether honestly and well.

What you say of Vichy and dyspepsia is welcome in two respects, first as it reminds me how kind and careful you always are about whatever is important to my now considerably unimportant self; and, secondly, as indicating which is your one point of personal news that the salutary effects of Vichy are still evident in you, and that your health (probably) is rather good. Long may that continue, and

honorable may be the work you do in virtue of it while the days still are! As to myself, I know sadly, at all moments, *dyspepsia* to be the frightful fiend that is in the pit, or out of it; the accursed brutal nightmare that has ridden me continually these fifty odd years, preaching its truth gospel (would I had listened to it, which I would not), but, alas! as to any "cure" for it, the patient is too old; the patient has it in the blood, in the nerves and brain of him as well! and has no cure of the least likelihood, except the indubitable cure which is now near ahead. Last year about this time I understood myself to be within some fifty or eighty miles of Vichy at one point of my railway; and I had before made some inquiries and speculations with my brother and others (well remembering what you had said to me on the subject); but the result was, I considered the probable misery and botheration fairly to surpass any chance of profit to one in my case, and left Vichy lying silent in the muddy darkness (Lyon, to judge of it by night, an uglier chaotic vortex than even Manchester or Glasgow), all the ten or eight wheels of Vichy, too populous, quack-governed (I was told), confused and noisy, to be of real service. I do not know that I have grown better in health since I saw you, but neither have I grown perceptibly worse. Alas! I have "health" enough (it must be owned) for any work I have now the heart to do; it is heart and interest that fail me, were all else right.

We are in a mighty fry about "education" just now, and about many other recipes for our late grand "leap in the dark," in none of which have I any faith to speak of. *Fenianism* has gone to sleep, more power to it (in that direction)! John Mill has issued a strange recipe for Ireland: to oust all the Irish landlords, and make all the Irish tenants Hindoo ryots. I did not read much of his pamphlet, but it seemed to me (though of the clearest expression and most perspicuous logic) to be still weaker and more irrational than his poor treatise on aristocracy, so famous among certain fellow-creatures in this epoch. Adieu, dear Duffy; write me a long letter if you would do me a pleasure at any time.

Yours ever,

T. CARLYLE.

John Forster has had a good deal of sickness (bronchitis, &c.) this season, and has always rather an excess of work. My kind remembrances to Mrs. Duffy; and best regards to her amiable sister, whose note, &c., I got, regretting only that the occasion furnished her so many stupid blunders to reprint withal.

CHELSEA, December 19, 1868.

DEAR DUFFY, — Above a week ago your letter reached me; a glad arrival, as all your letters are, communicating various bits of intelligence which are of interest here. What you report about R—agrees very well with the rough outline I had formed of him, from

physiognomy and a little talk chiefly; an Oxford youth of fair faculty, of honest enough intentions too, but as yet of little real insight into the world or himself, who might be liable to fail from want of discernment, want of prudence, patience, and dexterity, but not much from any worse or deeper want, as accordingly it seems to have proved. Happily he has now got settled on a reasonably good basis, where we hope he will continue, and develop himself — and that both of us two have done with him and his affairs. To you, for my sake, he has cost something; to me not much, beyond a little trouble; and if we have saved a man from London newspaper *reportage*, and wreck in the lowest gutters, into useful teaching of languages in Tasmania, neither of us will grudge the bit of help we gave. From R — himself I have had no word since his last *thank you* at this door, which is a symptom I rather approve in him, and certainly wish to *continue*, for my own share of it. "Silence is golden," now and then, rather! That of "losing a year and half of your time and life," in the fruitless attempt to *sound* Colonial and British anarchy, is not so good! But I suppose you had it to do, by way of satisfying your own mind and conscience; and I don't wonder you found no bottom, for in fact there is none. I, non-official, have long ceased making any inquiry into these things; chaos is as big as cosmos one feels (or indeed infinitely bigger), and distinguishes itself moreover by having no centre: give chaos your malison and leave it alone! That thrice disgusting Governor Darling matter, I have always skipped away from, when it turned up in the newspapers, as from extensive carrion in the liveliest state of decomposition — most malodorously pointing out to me the state of both the Downing Streets, yours and ours. Ours, you may depend upon it, has no tyrannous intention of "governing the Antipodes" or of governing or encountering it at all, except to keep its own poor skin out of trouble, and be a conspicuously floating dead dog amid the general universe of such. That is very certain to me. What your Downing Street with its appendages, democracies, &c. &c., are, I hope you will thoroughly explain in one of those new books you are meditating; do, there is no usefeller or worthier employment could be cut out for a thinking and seeing man who has had Australia under his eyes till he comprehends it. In the name of manhood and honesty, and as a precept to you essentially out of heaven, regard that as your duty. About a year ago I read in the *Westminster Review* (by a man whom I have seen and believe) such an account of Australian Government, &c. &c., as refuses ever to go out of mind again; that, especially, of no emigrants arriving, of its being the wish and policy that none should arrive, fairly takes away one's breath; challenges the universe to produce its fellow in mal-government, ancient or modern, on this afflicted earth! I entreat you go down to the bottom of all that; and let any

clear-minded man understand how it is and what and why.

A visitor (not over welcome) staggers in; I am driven to this scrap of bare paper as the readiest to hand, for the pretext obliged me to conclude abruptly. You see with what mutinous reluctance my poor right hand writes at all; has been liable to shake of late years (left hand still steady).

I am very sad of soul, but not therefore to be called miserable; nor am I quite idle, working rather what I can, in ways that you would not disapprove of. That you have the intention to come home is good, very good — and bring your two books with you. These I really think might help against this "millennium" of the devil with the chains struck off *him*. I will believe it of you to the last.

"In six years" it seems to me extremely uncertain (and doubtful of advantage, if it were not) whether you will find *me* still waiting here to receive you; but, if you do, you can be sure of a welcome from an old man's heart.

Adieu, dear Duffy; I am forced to fling down pen and get out into the air.

Forster is complaining a good deal — not dangerously. Recommend me to Mrs. Callan at the distance of St. Petersburg.

Yours, always truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

The reference to St. Petersburg alludes to my answer to some former message to be delivered personally, when I bade him look at the map and he would see that I was further from Mrs. Callan, then in Queensland, than he was from St. Petersburg.

He was now engaged in collecting Mrs. Carlyle's letters for publication, and his friend, John Forster, communicated to me his wishes to have her correspondence with me returned.

PALACE GATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON,  
LONDON, January 25, 1870.

MY DEAR DUFFY, — We send you many most kind wishes from this place for all happiness in this New Year, and in all the coming ones (to you and yours). Carlyle and Browning dined with us on Christmas day, and you were, I can assure you, "very freshly remembered" by us all. Much interested were we by your last letter to me, and its interruption. You recollect who it was that laid down his pen, being "interrupted by so great an experiment as dying." Here was happily an experiment of the other — the creative sort, which we hope you will live triumphantly to complete, with the highest availing cast of characters. Carlyle sends most special message to you, which, indeed he would write himself, but that the condition of his right hand almost wholly disqualifies him from writing. It is only in an absolute extremity he now ever makes the attempt, and it pains me (so terribly does the hand

shake) to see him strive to lift a glass with it. Fortunately, the left hand is not affected. Well, his message is to say that any notes of poor dear Mrs. Carlyle that you may have, and that you are not indisposed to send him, he will most gladly and gratefully receive from you. If you should send any, I will ask you kindly to mark on them the date, or approximate date, as far as may be. I meant to have written you a much longer letter, but I am writing under disadvantages. Immediately after Christmas day I went down to Torquay to stay with Lord Lytton (who has a house there), most unfortunately caught cold, and was laid up with illness nearly all the time we were there. We returned only on Saturday last. I am still very ailing; and, amid much arrears of work, I am with difficulty getting this done. I then suddenly remembered "the 26th." Carlyle, who dined with us the day after our return, had not forgotten to ask me whether his message was gone. I wish you'd send us a paper when the other change, that will put you in your proper place, approaches more nearly, for the *Times* correspondent is very misleading. And further, I wish you to tell me how parcels are best sent to you—whether there is any special agency that is swiftest, safest, and cheapest? We are not in the most hopeful political condition here, very few of us believing that Gladstone has by any means yet got to the bottom of the Irish secret. My wife tenderly remembers all your kindness, and much desires that the regards she sends, and in which I heartily join, might be permitted to extend to Mrs. Duffy also. I have had such pleasant experience formerly of your habit of returning good for ill in the matter of letter writing, that I dare to hope you may forgive what I am now writing, and make liberal return to me of what I find such real and great pleasure in having from you that I am almost impudent enough to think myself entitled to it. Good-bye, my dear Duffy.

I am, ever yours,  
JOHN FORSTER.

The following letter was in the handwriting of a lady, and from this time forth he either dictated his letters, or got a friend to write in his place, the process of engraving on lead (so he described the operation later) being past human patience:—

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, December 12, 1871.

DEAR DUFFY, — A good many weeks ago I had your friendly and cheerful little note, which was very welcome to me after the long silence. It has lain on my table ever since, daily soliciting some answer, and, strange to say, daily in vain. Truth is, my own right hand having grown entirely useless to me for writing, the business is altogether disagreeable, and even in the old sense, impossible (for "dictation," do what I will, never rightly prospers); and the indolence and torpor, now grown habitual, especially in these heavy,

dark November and December days, with their fogs and fitful frosts, deter me altogether from answering any letter, except under actual compulsion of the hour. *Tantum mutatus ab illo!* I also had safely delivered by the postman your copy of "Homes in the Land of Plenty," recognizable as yours by the handwriting outside, which also was kindly welcome to me. I already had a copy from the author, and had read most part of it; but this I sent to the Chelsea Library for behoof of my fellow citizens, and have put yours, as naturally worthier, in its stead. Another paper, excellently written and conceived, concerning the association of all your Australian colonies into one, I also received and read with approval and good wishes at the time you intended.\* For all these things accept my hearty thanks in the lump; and pardon me for loitering so long with that poor return.

It gives me real pleasure to find you again in office, and ruling, so far as any rule is possible, what geographically we may call one of the *largest* empires (for your colony is clearly the presiding one) that is to be found on the face of the earth. I rejoice also to hear that your Ministry succeeds, or was succeeding when we last heard. The ideas you had upon it, so far as I could gather, were sound and good, and deserved success. One thing I always earnestly wish, in reference to Australia and its progress, that you and Mother-Country could contrive some way to have ten times as much emigration. For fifty years the possibility of this and the immensely beneficial effects of it (especially for us) have hung before my mind as certainties, even as axioms, evident like those of Euclid, the total neglect of which, in the face of such circumstances as ours are now plainly becoming, has often filled me, and yet fills, whenever I think of it (which is now seldomer) with astonishment, impatience, and even indignation. "Administrative Nihilism," as Huxley calls it, that is the explanation; and, alas, what Huxley does not say or quite see, Nihilism of that kind is precisely the apple that grows and must grow upon every Parliamentary tree in our day. This I at least perceive; and it quiets me on many a grievance. A government carried on by Parliamentary palaver and universal suffrage, with penny newspapers presiding, must necessarily be a do-nothingism, and neglect not only its colonies, but every other interest, temporal and eternal, except that of getting majorities for itself by hook or by crook. If on these terms we can consider it the best of all kinds of government, we are free to do so; but the consequences are, have been, and will be "Nihilism," as above said by Huxley, nay *minimism* (as I could say) to an ever more frightful, ruinous, detestable, and even damnable, extent; the ultimatum of which is petroleum and what we have seen in Paris not so long ago! In spite of all this, I still privately hope there is patriot honesty and pro-

\* A report of a Royal Commission, of which I was chairman, on the Federation of the Australian Colonies.



bity enough on both sides of the ocean not to let the immense and noble interest sink to the sea bottom, but to save it as probably the very greatest that ever was entrusted to the guidance of a nation. Enough, oh far too much of this; what have I to do with it more?

Your friend Forster has been here since I began this letter. He is still busy and unwearied, though laden with a great burden of almost perpetual ill-health, especially in winter time. He has just been some weeks on the southern coast taking his holidays there. He looks really a little stronger, and will front under better omens the three months' service that still remains to him. Were April the 5th once here, F—— can claim his pension; and will without a day's delay give the matter up. I do hope, and indeed expect, he will be able to achieve this without further permanent damage; and then there is plain sailing, so far as one can see, and nothing worse. The whole world is, in these very days and weeks, full of F—— and his "Life of Dickens," for which there is a perfect rage or public famine (copies not to be supplied fast enough). I should think it likely there is a copy on the sea for you too, and that you will read it with interest and satisfaction two or three months hence, in some holiday you may have. It is curious, and in part surprising; yields a true view of Dickens (great part of it being even of his own writing); only one volume of it, the second not to be begun till after the above-mentioned April 5th. Me nothing in it so surprises as these two American explosions around poor Dickens, *all* Yankee-doodle-dom blazing up like one universal soda-water bottle round so very measurable a phenomenon, this and the way the phenomenon takes it, was curiously and even genially interesting to me, and significant of Yankee-doodle-dom. Volume first ends with a soda-water explosion, which we may reckon genially *comic*; volume second will end with a ditto, which has a dark death's head in it, and which has always seemed to me very tragic and very mournful.

With regard to myself, there is almost nothing to be said that you do not already know. A week ago yesterday I entered on my seventy-seventh year. I am not worse in health than that means, nor can I brag of being much better. I do retain nearly complete *soundness* of organ, but the *strength* of everything is inevitably lessening every day; the son of Adam had to die, and if, like a tree, it is to be by the aid of time alone, one knows not whether that is not, perhaps, within certain limits, the less desirable way. But we have no choice left in the matter, and are surely bound to be thankful to be left on any tolerable terms in the Land of the Living and the Place of Hope. You ask me what I am doing, dear Duffy; I am verily doing nothing. Knotting up some thumbs of my life's web, gazing with more and more earnestness, and generally with love and tenderness rather than any worse feeling, into the eternity which

can now be only a few steps ahead. I avoid all company except that of one or two close friends. Last winter I read most of my Goethe over again; reading a good book is in fact my most favorite employment. Even an intelligent book, by an honest-hearted man, is tolerable to me, and my best way of spending the evening. Adieu, dear friend, you see there is not a speck more of room.

Ever yours truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

The next letter was written under circumstances of painful difficulty. His right hand had become practically useless. It was only with a lead pencil, and by the slow, laborious method he describes, that he was able to write at all. But I had become prime minister at that time, and he would not omit sending his good wishes under his own hand. I rejoice in these multiplied evidences of the genuine kindness of a man who has been so differently pictured by ignorance and prejudice.

CHELSEA, LONDON, May 28, 1872.

DEAR DUFFY, — About ten days ago I read the report of speech, the newspaper with your portrait and sketch of Biography, &c. &c. All of which, especially the first-named article, ever very welcome and interesting. The portrait is not very like, though it has some honest likeness; but in the speech I found a real image of your best self, and of the excellent career you are entering upon, which pleased and gratified me very much. Though unable to write, except with a pencil, and at a speed as of *engraving* (upon lead or the like), I cannot forbear sending you my hearty *Euge, euge*, and earnestly encouraging you to speed along, and improve the "shining hours" all you can while it lasts. Few British men have such a bit of work on hand. You seem to me to be, in some real degree, modelling the first elements of mighty nations over yonder, scattering beneficent seeds, which may grow to forests, and be green for a thousand years. Stand to your work, *hero-like*, the utmost you can; be wise, be diligent, patient, faithful; a man, in that case, has his reward. I can only send you my poor wishes, but then these veritably are sorry only that they are worth so little.

Nothing in your list of projects raises any scruple in me; good, human and desirable we felt them all to be, except that of gold mining only. And this too, I felt at once was, if not human, or to all men's profit, yet clearly colonial, and to Victoria's profit, and therefore inevitable in your season. But I often reflect on this strange fact, as, perhaps, you yourself have done, that he who anywhere, in these ages, digs up a gold nugget from the ground is far inferior in beneficence to him who digs up a mealy potato — nay is, in strict language, a malefactor to all his brethren of mankind, having actually to pick the purse of every son of Adam for what money he, the digger, gets

for his nugget, and be bothered to it. I do not insist on this, I only leave it with you, and wonder silently at the ways of all-wise Providence with highly foolish man in this poor course of his.

Adieu, dear Duffy, I have written more than enough. If I had a free pen, how many things could I still write; but perhaps it is better not! I am grown very old, and though without specific ailment of body, very weak (in comparison), and fitter to be silent about what I am thinking of than to speak.

I send my kind and faithful remembrance to Mrs. Callan. John, my brother, is gone to Vichy again (day before yesterday); Forster is looking up again, now that the collar is off his neck. Good-bye with you all.

Ever truly yours,

T. CARLYLE.

Of a brief visit to Europe in 1874 I find almost no record regarding Carlyle but a letter from John Forster (who was already stricken by the illness of which he shortly died), full of the overflowing kindness of his genial nature.

PALACE GATE HOUSE, KENSINGTON, W.,  
June 27, 1874.

MY DEAR DUFFY, — I shall be heartily glad to see you again, and so will my wife, who does not forget your kindness to her.

Alas! that there should be such differences between what we seem and what we are. My health is completely broken. I cannot speak of it. Carlyle, whom you are to see to-morrow, as I hear, will tell you something of it.

I am going to Knebworth for ten days or so, and might find myself unable to go to you before I leave, which will be, I think, on Monday. But if you change your address in that interval, you will kindly tell me.

I sent a letter by a mail to Melbourne too recent, I suppose, to have reached you before you quitted for England. Illness alone had prevented my writing earlier — the third volume [of his "Life of Charles Dickens"] had preceded my letter.

In the last I referred to your visit in regard to the Athenæum, when I do not think there will be any doubt of your election by the committee. Froude, with whom I spoke of it yesterday, is of the same opinion.

With all best wishes and kindest regards from us both here, ever, my dear Duffy,

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN FORSTER.

I ought perhaps to say that I did not desire the honor which my friend contemplated for me, because I determined, whenever I returned finally to Europe, not to reside in England, and was unwilling to incur the expense of a club I could not probably visit once in a year. At a later period the proposal was renewed by Mr. W. E. Forster, in concert with Lord Carnarvon and Lord O'Hagan (then members

of the committee); but I was more inconvenienced by the compliment graciously conferred on me by the committee of a month's honorary membership, on three separate occasions, when I remained for that period in London.

After my return to Australia I had but one letter from Carlyle before my final removal to Europe. Like many recent ones, it was devoted to the general purpose of serving a young man whom he thought deserving, or, at any rate, in much need of help. When we find a man of eighty, who is done with most of the interests of life, employing his remaining strength to serve a struggling fellow-creature whom he has never seen and can never hope to see, we have safe data, I think, for determining what was the nature and disposition of this old man.

5 GREAT CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, S. W.,  
Dec. 30, 1876.

DEAR DUFFY, — Till the arrival, about a week ago, of the *Melbourne Review* with your article, addressed to me, which was very welcome, both as personal memento, and also as a bit of pretty enough reading, I had seen no trace of you, nor heard any rumor of news. Singularly enough, within the last three days, I have received from Melbourne, from a poor neighbor of yours there, a feeble but pathetic request, which, on reading it, I decided to send you, with two enclosures that were in it, which are now by mistake burnt, in hopes you might be able to do something for the unfortunate writer who has thus sent his message to you, written within a stone's throw of your own door, but obliged to go round the world before it could get entrance! Pray, for my sake, read with attention; understand, too, that the bits of mildly satirical verse, once printed in the *Melbourne Punch*, were not without some decided indications of a superior talent that way. These unhappily are burnt, and you must take my word for them. The poor creature's letter, as you will observe, expresses a kind of feeble hope that you, by some way or another, might find some employment for him to supplement his miserable £40 a year — if you had been in office, and if he, poor wretch, had not been on the free trade side of politics!

The thing I do desire of you, dear Duffy, is that you would see this poor deformed creature, and examine him with your own eyes, and in right and brotherly pity and desire to help. To me it would give a real pleasure if you could in any way help him. And that is all my message; and so I leave it in your hands.

Of myself I have only to say that, being now in my 82nd year, I feel more completely invalidated than ever before, and have no strength left for work of any kind. But, except languor and laziness, I feel no decay of spiritual faculty; and I have in the late months

read with enjoyment the whole of Shakespeare, and am now reading, still with a kind of real enjoyment and wonder, Brumoy's "Théâtre des Grecs," of which I have finished prosperously about the fourth part. Adieu, dear Duffy, may good ever be with you, and the blessing of an old friend, if that be of any value.

Yours, ever truly,  
T. CARLYLE.

My final return to Europe took place in 1880. I arrived in London in the spring, and immediately visited Carlyle. It was deeply touching to see the Titan who had never known languor or weakness suffering from the dilapidations of old age. His right hand was nearly useless, and had to be supported by the left when he lifted it by a painful effort to his mouth. His talk was subdued in tone, but otherwise unaltered. It takes a long time to die, he said, with his old smile, and a gleam of humor in his eye. He was wrapped in a frieze dressing-gown, and for the first time wore a cap; but, though he was feeble, his face had not lost its character of power or authority. He was well enough, he declared, except from the effects of decay, which were rarely beautiful to see. His chief trouble was to be so inordinately long in departing. It was sad to have survived early friends, and the power of work. Up to seventy he had lost none of his faculties, but when his hand failed that loss entailed others. He could not dictate with satisfaction. He found when he dictated the words were about three times as many as he would employ *propria manu*. Composition was in fact a process which a man was accustomed to perform in private, and which could not be effectually performed in the presence of any person whatever. But he had written more than enough. If anybody wanted to know his opinions they were not concealed. There were still subjects on which he had perhaps something to say, and could say it, for though he was suffering an euthanasia from the gradual decay of the machine, the mind was probably much as it used to be; but he was content to consider his work at an end. In looking back over his turbid and obstructed life, he saw only too well that he had scattered much seed by the wayside, which was as good as lost, leaving no visible issue behind. If it was sound, vitalized seed it might perhaps spring up and blossom after many years; if not, in heaven's name let it rot. But much had been left altogether unspoken, because there was no fit audience discernible as yet, and a man's thoughts, though

struggling for utterance, refused to utter themselves to the empty air. The discipline of delay and impediment of which he had had considerable experience had not, on the whole, been a hostile element to labor in. In his later life he had some share of what men call prosperity; but, alas! it might well be doubted, if for him and for all men, trouble and trial were not a wholesomer condition than ease and prosperity.

After a time he seemed anxious to quit the subject of himself, and spoke of general topics. He asked me if I had visited the National Portrait Gallery, which he had done something to promote. He was confident it would prove a school of history for many who had no leisure for regular study.

I said I had visited it several times, and with much satisfaction. It would prove a school of history no doubt, but it was a school in which the pupils would get a good deal *disillusioned*. What would they say to Lord Bacon looking as jolly and *degagé* as the burlesque personage who used to be known in London as Chief Baron Nicholson, or Queen Elizabeth as flaunting and overdressed as a milliner's lay figure in the Borough, or, in our own times, Charles Lamb transformed into an Italian nobleman by Hazlitt, or Leigh Hunt into a Venetian bravo by Haydon? One of the modestest of English worthies might recall the Dutch ambassador's bull about a colleague whom he described as strutting about with his arms akimbo—like a peacock. I told him, *à propos* of historical memorials, that I had been recently in Paris and visited Robespierre's house in the Rue St. Honore, where the iron stairs which he had so often trodden were still in existence in the gloomy and now dilapidated house where he resided in the heat of the Terror.

It was from such seemingly insignificant fragments, he said, that history had to reconstruct the past, or some resemblance of it more or less credible, an operation rarely performed with success.

He walked no longer as of old, but he appointed an early day for me to share his customary drive from three o'clock to five. He was accompanied by his niece,\* whose care was now essential to his comfort. We drove to Streatham, through Clapham Common, and home by Battersea Park. Carlyle talked of things which the localities suggested. He spoke much as usual,

\* Mrs. Carlyle's niece, and by marriage with his nephew, Mr. Carlyle's niece also.

except that his voice was feeble, and was so drowned by the noise of the road that I had to guess painfully at meanings which used to be delivered with such clearness and vigor. I answered to what I was able to hear. He took occasional sips of brandy to keep up his strength, and solaced himself with a pipe.

I did not see him again before leaving London, and in the spring of the ensuing year the summons to his funeral, which followed me to the south of France, only reached me when the body was already on its way to Scotland. Time had brought to a close, not prematurely, but with many forewarnings, a friendship which nothing had disturbed, and which was one of the chief comforts of my life.

As these papers were published to present a more faithful portrait of Carlyle than the one commonly received, I intended to finish them with a rapid survey of the chief misapprehensions current in later years about the Chelsea household; but they have run to an unexpected length, and I prefer to postpone to another time and place this purpose, which is by no means relinquished.

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
SKETCHES FROM EASTERN TRAVEL.

IX.

SHECHEM AND SAMARIA.

WAKING up after their first night of camping out, our friends can hardly persuade themselves that they are not inhabiting some kind of castle in the air or other equally dreamy and evanescent abode, but at the same time their strange surroundings are already familiar and natural (as is the manner of things in dreams), and that gloomy period when they used to live boxed up in houses, and hemmed in by streets already seems indefinitely remote. No one who has not tried it can realize the exhilarating effects of spending the whole of every day in the open air, under a cloudless sky, with never-ceasing sunshine. And to these delights there is added that of recognizing at every step illustrations of those Eastern ways of thought which, familiar as they are to us, so far as words go, have always about them something mythical and unintelligible till one has seen the countries and the customs in which they originated.

When one has passed at nightfall over those smooth steep rocks of the Palestine hills, where the horses' hoofs slide at every step, there is a terrible sound in that prediction of the Psalmist, "Let their way be dark and slippery;" and in that description of the fate of the ungodly, "Surely Thou didst set them in slippery places," and all those other allusions to slipping and sliding. Here, too, are the stony places where the "judges" of the wicked are to be overthrown, together with the "stony ground" of the parable,—solid rock with a thin covering of soil, where there is indeed "no deepness of earth;" and here are those loose stones, lying about on the surface of the good soil, which must be "gathered out" before planting a vineyard. Here, too, gliding along the rocky hillsides, are even the "little foxes," who look saucy and mischievous enough to spoil any one's vines when they get a chance. And as for the gorgeous wild flowers, it is not hard to see that "even Solomon in all his glory" would look pale beside them. Nor could any one who has not gone through the process of seeking a patch of shade, with the midday Syrian sun blazing over his head, realize the full meaning of that familiar simile about "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Most interesting of all are the people one meets by the way, every one of whom looks as if he had walked out of one of those modern Scripture pictures, which we are apt to look upon as more or less ideal concoctions of the artist's imaginative mind.

But perhaps the feature of the country which most of all strikes our travellers is that still, peaceful brightness, which makes Philippa exclaim, "It seems to be always Sunday here!" and calls to mind those strange lonely days of the Babylonian captivity, when "the land enjoyed her Sabbaths;" for as long as she lay desolate she kept Sabbath.

Our friends start on their second day's journey at about eight o'clock, and, continuing their northward progress through the territory of Ephraim, arrive before long at the ruins of the ancient Shiloh, now called Seilûn. The most interesting feature of these is a large area, which seems to have been artificially levelled, and whereon the Tabernacle may have stood during the long centuries of its remaining at Shiloh. There is nothing specially interesting about the surrounding scenery, but it is something to visit the place which for so long was the centre of the Jewish Church, where Eli served as

priest, where Hannah prayed and sang her song of thanksgiving, and where Samuel "did minister unto the Lord, being a child," and was called to be a prophet; where Eli died at last, overthrown by the shock of evil tidings; and where the Tabernacle seems to have remained till the days of King Saul. As one looks round on the desolate stony hills, there seems yet to linger over the place a dreary memory of the wrath which fell on it in punishment for Israel's idolatry, when "they provoked him to anger with their high places, and moved him to jealousy with their graven images. . . . So he forsook the tabernacle of Shiloh, the tent which he placed among men." Few can fail to be impressed who have obeyed that command: "Go ye now unto my place which was in Shiloh, where I set my name at the first, and see what I did to it for the wickedness of my people Israel;" or to realize the terror of that prediction against the Temple and Jerusalem: "Then will I make this house like Shiloh, and will make this city a curse to all the nations of the earth."

On the same day our travellers, in their northward progress, reach Mount Gerizim in the district of Samaria, and, skirting its eastern side (on the border between the territories of Benjamin and Manasseh), come out into the Plain of Mukna,\* and here they arrive at last at that spot (one of the most interesting in Palestine) which they have so long desired to see—Jacob's Well. There is no manner of doubt that this is the very well dug by Jacob in "the parcel of ground, where he had spread his tent, which he bought at the hand of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for an hundred pieces of money,"—the place where Joseph's mummy was buried, and which "became the inheritance of the children of Joseph."

Gathered round the opening of the well, the travellers try to picture to themselves that incident which has made it the most venerable well upon earth. They seem to see a party of travellers approaching from the southward. They are journeying, like themselves, from Judæa to Galilee, and so passing through Samaria on their way. It is midday, and they are weary with the journey. The others turn up the valley to their left that they may buy food at Shechem, about two miles distant; but one remains, and, approaching the well, sits down to rest.

\* Still called on maps the "Plain of Moreh," though the word translated "plain" in Gen. xii. 6, etc., should rather be rendered "oak" or "terebinth."

Tristatur lætitia, salus infirmatur,  
Panis vivus esurit, virtus sustentatur;  
Sitiit fons perpetuus, quo cœlum potatur;  
Et ista quis intuens mira non miratur?

Then down the valley from Shechem, with her pitcher poised upon her head, comes a woman to draw water. And then follows that memorable conversation, so simple and natural, yet so wonderfully setting forth that thirst of divine compassion longing to satisfy the unconscious thirst of the dry and hardened heart that reckons not of the springing water ready to convert it into a fragrant garden.

A difficulty has been raised as to the reason that the Samaritan woman could have for coming so far from the town to draw water when there are several fountains nearer at hand; but it has been aptly said that "the mere fact of the well having been Jacob's would have brought numbers to it had the distance been twice as great. And even independent of its history, some little superiority in the quality of the water, such as we might expect in a deep well, would have attracted the Orientals—who are, and have always been, epicures in this element." Other details exactly correspond to the words of the Gospel. However much choked with rubbish, "the well is deep" still. Twenty years ago its depth was eighty feet, but in 1889 it measured only seventy-two feet. And close at hand, crowned with the Samaritan temple (in the time of our Lord already in ruins), still towers Mount Gerizim, to which the woman pointed when she said, "Our fathers worshipped God in this mountain."

Our friends climb down to what was originally the floor of a vaulted chamber—perhaps part of the crypt of that ancient Christian church built over the well about the fourth century—and examine the original opening of the well. This is narrow, but opens out in a cylindrical shaft seven and a half feet in diameter. They look at the ancient grooves left in the hewn stones by the cords used in drawing water, and then, leaving the well, start for Joseph's Tomb, a short distance to the northward. The present erection is a Moslem tomb, but there is no reason to doubt the identity of the spot, seeing that it is recorded, in Josh. xxiv. 32, that Joseph's body was buried in the same parcel of ground. Possibly it was removed afterwards to the cave of Machpelah at Hebron; but this is a disputed point.

Leaving the tomb, the travellers move in the direction of Shechem (now called Nablous, an Arabic corruption of the



classic name Neapolis), passing up the valley between Mount Gerizim on the south and Mount Ebal on the north. Here the Israelites encamped when they "put the blessing upon Mount Gerizim, and the curse upon Mount Ebal." Six tribes were drawn up on the one mountain to bless, and six on the other to pronounce the curses; and the Levites (Deut. xxvii. 14), "with a loud voice," conducted that first commination service on which our own is modelled. The old difficulty about the distance being too great for the sound to travel has long been set at rest. Even from the one summit to the other of the two mountains it is said that the words shouted by shepherds to one another are distinctly audible, and it is nowhere asserted that the blessings and curses were announced from the *tops* of the mountains. Rather we may suppose that the tribes were drawn up on the mountain-sides at the point where there is on each slope a recess which would form a natural amphitheatre. The recesses face one another, and the sound would reverberate between them, so that every word might be distinctly heard from the one to the other.

Our friends are not long in reaching the picturesque city of Nablous, which, under the name of Shechem, Sichem, or Sychar, is so familiar to all, yet seems to most of us so far removed from the ordinary world that we scarcely realize it to have an actual, commonplace existence. Yet there it is, looking perhaps not very different from the Shechem of old,—a beautiful Oriental town of white stone houses, nestled in the valley at the foot of Mount Gerizim. It has a population of about ten thousand, half of whom are Christians, one hundred Jews, one hundred and fifty Samaritans, and the rest Moslems. The tents are pitched on a grassy knoll which rises just above the town, and the travellers will long remember the wonderful view from their tent doors,—the grand mountain-sides towering aloft, and below at their feet, lit up by the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, the beautiful little city, lying in the shadowy valley as foam-wreaths lie among dark-blue waves, its white domes shining with so ethereal a light that they seem scarcely more substantial than floating bubbles, which will presently burst and vanish.

In vain do they try to remember half the incidents with which this town is associated. From the days of Abraham's visit to this his first camping-ground in the Land of Promise, when he pitched his tent "in the place of Sichem at the oaks of

Moreh," all through those turbulent scenes enacted here in the time of the Judges, and the days when Jeroboam made Sichem his capital, the mind wanders on through its checkered history to the days when Justin Martyr was born at Nablous in A.D. 99; and then one looks down on the city at one's feet, so bright and picturesquely pretty, and finds it hard work to believe it.

The next day our friends climb to the top of Mount Gerizim (3,179 feet high), and there survey the chaos of ruins which are all that now remain where once stood the Samaritan temple built about 420 B.C., when this spot became (as it is still) the centre of the Samaritan religion. Before descending, they visit the place among the ruins where the paschal lambs are still sacrificed every year by this, "the oldest and smallest sect in the world," and where the ashes are seen remaining (from the last sacrifice) in the stone trench wherein the burning takes place.

Coming down by a path which descends into the valley just below Nablous, the travellers walk through the town, admiring the strange picturesqueness of the narrow and irregular streets, with their crowd of Oriental citizens. They omit not to visit the Samaritans, and examine their synagogue with the renowned manuscript of the Pentateuch therein preserved, written (say they) by Abishua the son of Phinehas, the grandson of Aaron, thirty-five hundred years ago,—though this the inexorable, learned folk will of course not allow to be the fact by a very long way. They are also much impressed by the dignified bearing of the Samaritan high priest, to whom they are introduced. Finally they obtain admittance (thanks to the sister's Arabic eloquence) into the Mohammedan mosque (once a Christian church), whence Europeans are ordinarily excluded.

Leaving the city, they continue to ascend the valley in a northwesterly direction, and that night camp at the city of Samaria (now called Sebastiyeh), where may still be seen the ruins of one of the ancient gates, which our friends fancifully imagine to be perhaps that same gate where, after the Syrian siege, a measure of fine flour was sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, according to the prophecy of Elisha, and where the incredulous lord "saw it with his eyes but did not eat thereof,"—"for the people trod upon him in the gate, and he died."

The last village visited by the travellers before leaving the district of Samaria is Tell Dôthân, the ancient Dothan in the territory of Issachar, where is still shown

an ancient rock-hewn cistern, whereinto it is said (not improbably) that Joseph was thrown by his brethren. Here, too, our friends look round at the mountain-slopes, whereon once stood the hosts that guarded Elisha when the Syrian compassed the city to take him.

Proceeding in a north-easterly direction, they find themselves at last within the borders of Galilee.

## X.

## GALILEE AND CARMEL.

OUR travellers now approach Jenin, the ancient En-Gannen, by way of the beautiful little valley called the Wady Belameh. The path runs at the foot of a steep, grassy slope covered with brilliant wild flowers of all bright and harmonious colors. Up this slope, disdaining the for once smooth and level path, marches El Adham whenever not forcibly restrained by his rider, showing his superior strength of mind by getting himself and her into all sorts of dangerous and (to other steeds) inextricable situations, and all with the kind of grim, unamiable humor which is his distinguishing characteristic.

"I do like a horse with a character!" quoth Philippa, looking with unspeakable scorn at Sebaste's fleet and intelligent, but eminently docile, steed. "I believe dear El Adham is some distant relation of that charming horse of John Gilpin's!"

"Fancy quoting John Gilpin here!" exclaims the sanctimonious and scandalized Sebaste.

"My dear," says Philippa, "it isn't practicable to be always serious, even in the Holy Land!"

At this moment an appalling crash is heard, and down come Elizabeth and her donkey in the middle of the path. Though horribly frightened, they are not much hurt, and soon pick themselves up again and proceed as aforesaid.

"Why, Elizabeth," says the father, "how in the world did it happen?"

"Indeed, sir, I don't know, for I think I was asleep; and as the path is so smooth I suppose my donkey was fallen asleep too. I am sure, sir, it could not have happened unless I and the donkey had both had our eyes shut!"

"But surely that is bad management. You really must come to an agreement with your donkey that *one* of you shall always keep awake."

This suggestion is duly carried out, and the arrangement is found to work satisfactorily.

On arriving at Jenin, our friends find their tents pitched among a group of rugged old olive-trees, and never has their moving home looked more pretty and inviting.

The next day, travelling northward, they descend into the plain of Esdraelon, a broad, smooth expanse of velvety green—a grassy lake, so to speak, with steep, mountainous shores. Close on the right rise the mountains of Gilboa, and one fancies, as one looks up at their bare, treeless slopes, that a mournful solemnity hangs over them since that terrible day of the defeat and death of King Saul and his sons, as though there had been a prophetic ring in those words of David's lament: "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil."

It is from this plain that our travellers obtain their first view of an object long eagerly looked for. Far across the sea-like plain, perched high up in the towering northward mountains, is a tiny gleam of white—the village of Nazareth. Their eyes turn again and again to that far-off point, though their attention is presently claimed by the historic city of Jezreel closer at hand, now represented by the rude village of Zerin, which rises, some distance to their left, like a dark island above the green expanse. There is something eminently satisfactory about the town and its surroundings, which enables one to realize with strange vividness those incidents therewith connected. Even the site of Naboth's vineyard can be approximately identified, since it must have been outside the walls on the eastern side, seeing that Jehu passed it (and killed Joram hard by) on his way into the city, whither he had come through the eastward Valley Jezreel.

"One understands now," says the sister, "how Jehu's party could have been seen so far away across the open ground as to allow time for the sending out of those messengers on horseback to meet him. There is plenty of space here for chariot-ering."

"Now, Cæsar," says Philippa, "we should like you to personate Jehu!"

Whereupon the Cæsar bounds away at full gallop, riding furiously, no doubt, but too near laughing to look quite fierce enough for the son of Nimshi.

Still skirting the mountains of Gilboa, our friends arrive at Ain Jâlud, a copious

spring and sheet of water at the foot of their north-western slope. There is no doubt that this is correctly called Gideon's Pool, being the spring of Harod at which Gideon brought down to the water his little army of ten thousand men, and selected (to fight with him against the Midianites) the three hundred who drank from the hollow of the hand, rejecting those who "bowed down upon their knees to drink." There is plenty of room for the drinkers on the shore of the pool, and the travellers are amused to see their Arab folk unconsciously illustrating the well-known narrative, — some (as Hassan and little Yuseph) kneeling down and bending their heads over the surface of the water, others (like the more dignified Said) making cups of their hands to drink from. As a matter of course, they all drink somehow, for an Arab seems to have an almost superstitious feeling against ever passing by so precious a gift as sweet water.

Our travellers now cross the head of the Valley of Jezreel, and approach what is probably the ancient Hill of Moreh, called by English folk the Little Hermon — a modern name, originating in a well-meant attempt to localize that "little hill of Hermon," which, unfortunately, owes its existence solely and entirely to a mistranslation. On the southern slope thereof they pass close to the village of Solâm, the ancient Shunem. Here the Philistines encamped against Saul, whose forces were placed across the valley on the slopes of Gilboa; and here was the home of that rich lady who hospitably entertained Elisha, and had a little chamber made for him on the wall, placing therein for his comfort a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick. Well might her little son get a sunstroke on those broad, unsheltered plains at time of harvest!

"The poor mother!" says Irene. "It must have been a trying journey for her, starting to cross them in the noontide heat 'to run to the man of God,' far away in Mount Carmel."

Still more interesting is the place where the travellers stop for their midday rest, a village on the northern slope of the Little Hermon, which yet retains the familiar name of Nain. A simple little church marks the traditional spot of the raising of the widow's son. East of the village some ancient tombs may still be seen toward which the funeral procession was probably moving.

Thence a rough ride in a north-easterly direction brings our friends to the village still called Endôr, and hard by they

enter the cave wherein, saith tradition, the witch of Endôr had her abode. It is indeed gloomy and dismal enough even for her.

The same afternoon, approaching Mount Tabor from the south, they camp at its foot near the village of Debûriyeh, the ancient Daberath. The first sight of Mount Tabor at once dispels the popular delusion which represents it as a steep, rocky hill with a flat top. On the contrary, it is a round, down-like mountain, its outline (seen from the plain to the south of it) being the almost perfect arc of a circle. The tradition which exalts Tabor by making it the scene of the Transfiguration has been long since disproved, and the historic interest of the mountain is derived from Old Testament folk, — Barak and Deborah, and suchlike.

The morning after their arrival at Debûriyeh, the travellers make the ascent of the mountain — the most beautiful morning ride that they have hitherto enjoyed. There is something quite unearthly to-day about the morning sunshine, always strangely bright in Syria. The little trees, and flowering-shrubs, and gorgeous blossoms sprinkled all over the grassy slopes, are, so to speak, *dressed* in sunbeams, and seem to shine each with an individual brightness of gold-flecked color. As the riders ascend the view expands, and they can look away through the clear, fresh air far to northward, where high into the sky of cloudless blue — not resting at all on the earth, but floating like an enchanted island in a sea of purple haze — rise up in radiant loveliness the snow-clad peaks of Hermon. Over all the scene there breathes such a spirit of gladness, that one must believe that even now are true the Psalmist's words, "Tabor and Hermon rejoice in Thy name."

At last the summit is reached, and they behold a wonderful panorama, including their first glimpse of the Sea of Galilee. Only a corner of the lake is visible; but our friends feel a strange satisfaction as they see at last the bright, blue waters lying in that deep hollow among the mountains — twenty-seven hundred feet below the summit whereon they stand. North-eastward, between themselves and Hermon, they see the hill of Hattin, the traditional (and not improbable) scene of the Sermon on the Mount; to the south-east they look away over the Jordan valley to the mountains of Gilead; and southward, across an arm of the plain of Esdraelon, rises the Little Hermon, overtopped by the mountains of Gilboa be-

yond; while far to the west, running north-westward to the sea, towers the "excellency of Carmel."

"Surely like Tabor among the mountains, and like Carmel by the sea, so shall he come."

Now, if I feared not to become long-winded, would I further describe the exploration of that ancient and ruined church of the Transfiguration on the summit of Tabor, and of those remains of the more ancient fortress which (dating as they do from a time earlier than the Christian era) would alone be sufficient to discountenance the tradition which the church perpetuated; and more especially would I enlarge upon the hospitable entertainment of the travellers by the Franciscan Brothers of the Latin monastery. But, alas! we must hurry our friends down the steep slopes of Tabor and away on their four hours' ride to Nazareth, in the territory of the tribe of Zabulon, high up among the Galilean hills. It is Saturday, and they will stay the Sunday there.

How the travellers spend this, their first evening at Nazareth, I scarcely dare to divulge, seeing that any piously minded reader who, not having travelled in those parts, knoweth not the lamentable and objectionable, but none the less unavoidable, incongruities which meet at every turn those who do, will be thereby inevitably and unspeakably shocked. However, forasmuch as candor is highly to be commended, confess we will that they receive and accept an invitation to a Mohammedan wedding.

Oh dull and prosy pen of mine! would that thou couldst describe those wedding rejoicings—that festal hubbub in the house of the bride, of dancing and singing and clapping of hands, in the midst of which sits the bride herself, beautiful to behold in robe of white and costly jewels; those separate rejoicings in the house of the bridegroom, the Bedouin dance by firelight in his father's courtyard, and lastly, the bridegroom's father's kitchen—an open court wherein forty lambs are being prepared for the feast! Truly a scene to make one a vegetarian for life!

As for the Sunday spent at Nazareth, it is one to be long remembered. The chaplain of the Anglican bishop in Jerusalem has also pitched his tents hard by, and, at seven and ten o'clock in the morning, holds service in his sitting-tent for the two parties of English. In the afternoon they go to see an ecclesiastical procession in honor of this, the Easter day of the Greek Church.

Of the traditional sites of Nazareth I shall say nothing, seeing that they are not probable enough to be impressive—except, indeed, one, of which there is no doubt. The well of the town, called by Christians the Virgin's Fountain, has supplied the inhabitants with water from time immemorial; and the scene around it—the long procession of girls and women in their bright Eastern dresses coming to fill their large pitchers, and carrying them away poised aloft on their heads—is doubtless much the same as of old, when the Blessed Virgin was one of that company of village maidens.

The next day our friends, travelling westward, ford the Kishon ("that ancient river the river Kishon"), and in the afternoon ascend to a point on the Carmel range still called El Mahrakah—*i.e.*, "the Burning," or "the Sacrifice"—which is almost certainly the scene of Elijah's memorable sacrifice. At a little distance below this point may yet be seen the well whence probably was drawn the water which he caused to be poured over the sacrificial altar. That night the wanderers camp in the flowery plain at the foot of the Carmel range, on the bank of the Kishon, and near the little hill called Tel el Kussis,—the spot where it is with probability said that Elijah slew the prophets of Baal.

On the Tuesday they travel north-westward to Haifa, and ascend the extreme point of Carmel, overlooking the sea, and visit that famous convent—the largest in Palestine—where originated the order of Carmelite monks. The following day they return to Nazareth, where they again camp for two nights, thus gaining time to visit Kana el Jélil, the probable and almost certain—as well as Kefr Kenna, the traditional—Cana of Galilee. On Thursday they travel to Tubariya, the ancient Tiberias (ascending by the way the Hill of Hattin, called by Christian folk the Mount of Beatitudes), and thus reach at last the Sea of Galilee.

And what are we to say, in conclusion, of those days spent on the lake?—of the water-voyage in a fishing-boat to the ruins at Tell Hum, the ancient Capernaum, and of the discovery there, sculptured on what was perhaps the lintel of the synagogue\* door, the symbols of the pot of manna and the vine, which met the eyes of those who

\* The very synagogue, maybe, that was builded by that Roman centurion of whom the "elders of the Jews" said, "He is a worthy man, and himself built us our synagogue"—not "*a* synagogue," but *τὴν συναγωγὴν*.

went in one Sabbath day to listen to one that said: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven?" What shall we say of those days in which the travellers become familiar with that lake, its scenery and its changes—the breathless calm and the sudden storm? the customs, too, of its fishermen—toiling all night, and sleeping sometimes in their boats by day? and finally, the places which have been identified with those familiar names of ancient towns?

It is as well, maybe, to leave them almost undescribed, for they are days to be remembered rather than descanted upon. And they will be remembered always.

# XI.

## MOUNT HERMON AND THE DRUSES.

LEAVING the Sea of Galilee, our travellers continue their northward progress, camping for one night not far from the little lake called Baheiret el Hûleh (which boasts an elevation of seven feet above the Mediterranean), whence the Jordan flows down to the Lake of Galilee, nearly seven hundred feet below the sea-level. This little lake is more familiar to us under its ancient name of the Waters of Merom. It was the scene of Joshua's memorable victory in his third and last battle with his Canaanitish foes, when "they went out, they and all their hosts with them, much people, even as the sand that is upon the seashore in multitude, with horses and chariots very many; . . . and they came and pitched together at the waters of Merom, to fight with Israel."

The next day, starting for Banias to the north-east, our friends are obliged to make a circuit in order to avoid the marsh called Ard el Hûleh, to the north of the lake. As the morning advances, they enter the region of the sources of the Jordan. They cross the Nahr Hasbâny, which is the chief of all these streams, and about mid-day arrive at the spring of the Little Jordan. They stop for luncheon beside the Nahr el Leddan, at Tell el Kâdy, anciently called Laish, Leshem, and Dan. Crossing the stream by a precarious bridge, consisting of the trunk of a tree, they repose under two large oaks by the cool, refreshing water. They learn afterwards that this water, for all its sparkling clearness, is most dangerous to drink, and that they ought all to have caught fever—which piece of information happily does

not come in time for them to feel any ill effects.

Close by are the mounds, which are almost all that remain of the ancient city. There is no doubt about the identity of the place, which is described by Josephus and Eusebius, and the present name whereof (as the learned Sophia observes) signifies the Hill of the Judge, the word judge being the English equivalent of Dan. But with nothing before one's eyes but that heaped-up mound, it requires a strong effort of imagination to picture to one's self the history of that ancient town,—the founding of that old Phœnician colony from Zidon; its capture by the descendants of Dan, "who went up and fought against Leshem, and took it, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and possessed it, and dwelt therein, and called Leshem Dan, after the name of Dan, their father;" their idolatrous worship there, with their make-believe priesthood; the unscrupulous act of the politic Jeroboam when he set up one of his golden calves at Dan, saying, in that kind, fatherly way of his, "It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem;" and the smiting of the city by the order of King Asa of Judah, when he went to war with Israel. It is hard to imagine all this; but every one who sees that fertile plain will assuredly agree with the report of those Danite spies: "We have seen the land, and, behold, it is very good, . . . a place where there is no lack of anything that is in the earth."

In the afternoon the travellers find themselves among the heights of the spurs of Hermon, at Banias, probably the ancient Baal-gad (described as being "in the valley of Lebanon under Mount Hermon"), and certainly the Cæsarea Philippi of the Gospels, embellished by Philip, the Tetrarch of Iturea, and renamed by him after the emperor and himself. Its situation, close to one of the copious sources of the Jordan, and nestled at the very base of the gigantic Hermon group, passes all attempt at description. "From Dan to Beersheba" is the well-known limit of the Holy Land; but this is still holy ground, and made specially memorable by two incidents—the confession of St. Peter and the Transfiguration.

"It is curious," says Philippa, "to notice how often the illustrations of our Lord's discourses seem to have been suggested by the scenery of the places where they were spoken. That figure of the rock seems specially significant when one looks up at those towering crags of Hermon."



Whereupon the sister quotes from "Sinai and Palestine" the remark that the figure may have been suggested by that rocky eminence on which stood the classic temple of white marble built by Herod the Great. "At least," says she, "it would furnish an apt illustration of the words, 'upon this rock I will build my Church.'"

It was "six days" after this discourse that our Lord took the three favored apostles and brought them up "apart by themselves" to one of those lofty peaks which tower so majestically overhead, and, as he was praying, "was transfigured before them."

"How different this is," exclaims Philippa, "from the scene in which one generally imagines the Transfiguration to have taken place! I have always had in my own mind a kind of half-conventional representation of it, being, I suppose, unconsciously influenced by Raphael's picture."

"It seems to me," answers Sebaste, "that a comparison of St. Luke's account with the other two shows that the Transfiguration probably took place by night,\* so that Raphael has dealt violently with time as well as space."

"Listen to her, sister! Here is Sebaste going to criticise Raphael!"

"Not at all. I was going to say that, for all its conventionality, I believe that to be a far truer picture than any realistic representation could be. It was worth any concession concerning the physical accessories to show, as that picture does, the truth which is deeper than these, and therefore truly more true."

"Our learned friend, Philippa, is getting just the least bit in the world too deep for us simple folk. What truth do you mean, Sebaste?"

"I mean that contrast which Raphael's picture so wonderfully shows between heavenly glory and light on the one hand, and earthly darkness and woe on the other. No one but him could have showed us, as he has done, the meaning of that 'coming down from the mountain,' and of that sudden exclamation: 'O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?'"

This conversation is held after afternoon tea, as the wanderers recline on rugs in the shade of their sitting-tent. As for Sophia, she hears not a word of it, being, as usual, absorbed in topographic

calculations. Suddenly she looks up and exclaims:—

"I never realized before that the figurative 'mountain' which a single grain of true faith could remove was no less than Mount Hermon itself."

"Yes," answers the sister; "those words were spoken here near Cæsarea Philippi, and no doubt the speaker pointed up to that mighty group of towering heights, vast and firm and immovable as we see them now."

That same afternoon three of the travellers ride up to the ruins of the majestic castle of Shubeibeh, perched aloft on a bold crag about one thousand feet above the ruins of the ancient city and the present village of Banias. By the way they see, at some little distance, the grotto in the rock which the Greeks of the Macedonian kingdom of Antioch converted into a sanctuary of Pan; whereupon the city was called Paneas, which name (with the inevitable softening of the, to Syrians, unpronounceable P) has survived the later and more pompous appellation invented by Tetrarch Philip. It is just below this grotto that the Banias source of the Jordan bursts forth in a copious fountain.

"It was a charming ride," quoth Philippa, on her return—"almost perpendicular the whole way. Dear El Adham was happy for once, and walked up the face of the rock as a fly goes up a wall."

"And what did you see when you reached the top?"

"Firstly, there was the castle, the largest of its kind in Palestine. It is said to have been built partly by the Herods, partly by the Saracens; and it has been abandoned since the seventeenth century. The ruins are so extensive that we had not time even to walk round them, but explored only the western part, which faces the plain of Jordan. We had a wonderful view to the southward, as far as the mountains which surround the Sea of Galilee."

"And did you see the ancient Hazor, whose king gathered the Canaanite forces to fight against Joshua? The name is still extant, you know, and the site of the city has been probably discovered on a peak near here, where are some remains of stone buildings."

"Then I have no doubt we saw it, for we saw everything for miles around. But there is Yuseph calling out, 'Dinner ready!'"

This same dinner is no ordinary meal, but a sumptuous feast in honor of a special occasion. Learning from the floral deco-

\* From the first two accounts it is evident that the miracle of healing was performed immediately after the descent from the mountain; yet St. Luke says that it was on "the next day" (after the Transfiguration).

rations at breakfast (when the table was resplendent with large yellow irises, and so forth) that to-day is the father's birthday, the Syrians in general, and more especially Yuseph and Butrus, have vied with one another in expressing their joy and good wishes. When the cavalcade arrived at the tents this afternoon, Yuseph came forth with more than his usual smile of welcome to conduct the father to the sitting-tent, which, with much labor and pains, he had converted into a kind of floral arbor. On the top, just below the flag, towers a huge bunch of green leaves and bright flowers; the ropes on each side of the entrance sustain two compact hedges of green branches, forming a triumphal avenue of approach; while inside, tied to the tent-pole so as to overshadow the table, is an enormous nosegay of beautiful flowers, further embellished by strings of biscuits therein suspended, and numerous bits of candle, which, being lighted at nightfall, form a truly splendid illumination.

And the dinner! Abu Elias, Abu Elias, thou hast excelled even thyself! Course after course makes its appearance, — an endless succession of delicacies, each of which the father must at least taste, according to Eastern etiquette, under penalty of hurting dear old Butrus's feelings. Finally, there appears, in a blaze of blue flame, an English plum-pudding, and with it the author thereof, who cannot bear to let it go out of his sight, and has furthermore come to make an Arabic speech of congratulation to the father, which Cæsar must construe and the father must answer — in an English speech of congratulation on the dinner, which gives further work to the interpreter. Verily it is a festive birthday!

The next two or three days are spent by our travellers in skirting Mount Hermon, the highest point whereof (9,166 feet high) they earnestly desire to ascend; but that is impossible so early in the year, and any one who attempted the same would probably be lost in the snow-fields. Gradually, as day after day they look up to the towering heights, the sense grows upon them of the immensity of that venerable mountain, the Jebel es Sheikh, as it is now called — *i.e.*, the Mountain of the Old Man; a name which it well deserves, with its snowy head and descending locks of white, and which is even more descriptive than its ancient Sidonian and Amoritical names of Senir and Sirion, which signify "the breastplate," and Sion, which, like Hermon, means "lofty."

"Truly," says Philippa, "that must have been a terrific earthquake which David describes by the figure, 'He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a wild ox!'"

On the first day's journey from Banias our friends pass through the sparse oak woods which are the modern representatives of the ancient oaks of Bashan, among which the irrepressible El Adham behaves like Absalom's mule of old, doing his utmost to leave his rider in one of them.

During the course of this day they, moreover, become better acquainted with the Nahr Hasbany, which has been called "the geographical though not the historical source of the Jordan."

The midday halt is made in a more than usually charming spot, by the side of a beautiful little stream bordered by oleander-bushes, and surrounded by the grand mountain heights, — a scene of which the sister, in the space of an hour, makes a beautiful little picture, one of the prettiest of all her sketches. And as she paints she talks.

"We are coming now," says she, "into the land of the Druses. Hasbeiya, our camping-place for to-night, is their original sanctuary, where Derazy, their founder, established them in the eleventh century A.D."

"But who are they, and where do they get their religion from?"

"Their religion seems to have originated in Egypt, and in the vagaries of the third caliph of the Fatimite succession, at the end of the tenth century. This individual, Hakem by name, whom one charitably supposes to have been cracked, the Druses regard as an incarnation of the Deity. This notion was soon propagated in Palestine, but the sect was persecuted, and was obliged to take refuge in the Wady et Teim, up here in the Lebanon, where they established their headquarters."

"They are very cruel, are they not? At least it was they who perpetrated those terrible massacres of the Christians thirty years ago."

"Yes, they were the instruments, but it is well known (or might be) that those massacres were instigated by the Turkish government, who were jealous of the Christian influence in the Lebanon. At Hasbeiya there was a terrible slaughter, and there were frightful scenes in many other places. There was one account of a massacre of Christians in a church, where the victims came forward one by one with perfect calmness, each, when his turn

came, saying simply, 'In thy name, Lord Jesus,' as he bowed his head to receive the blow."

The sketch is finished now, and the little cavalcade moves onward again till it reaches Hasbeiya, a very beautiful little town of almost Italian aspect, built in terraces up the mountain-side. The whole population crowd round the strangers, who soon grow familiar with the peculiar physiognomy of the Druse folk, with their long, pale faces, straight noses, dark eyes set near together, and intent inward expression.

Some of the travellers climb up to a lofty height not far from the camping-ground, and, by the help of a resident missionary lady, are admitted (an unprecedented favor) into the praying-place of the Druses, near which are some old trees apparently held sacred — a fact which favors the notion that the Druse religion has points of resemblance with that of the ancient Druids of more Western countries. Nothing whatever can be extracted from the Druse sheikhs about their religion; and the travellers feel their curiosity damped when assured by the missionary lady that if any one of them, or she herself, were to find out anything about their secret beliefs and ceremonies, that individual would be immediately poisoned. But such is the kindness of the venerable sheikhs that this information by no means impairs the visitors' appetite for that delicious refection of honey and dried figs which is presently set before them, and which they gracefully eat without even a passing desire for such unheard-of complications as spoons or plates.

The next day the travellers proceed in a north-easterly direction along the Wady et Teim, through which flows the Nahr Hasbany. On their right rises the central mass of Hermon, while on the left, across the wady, towers the mighty wall of the Jebel ed Dahr. They thus reach Rasheiya, where, the tents being pitched on the grass, the travellers have a memorable experience of the "dew of Hermon that cometh down upon the mountains of Zion."\*

The last object of interest visited on the slopes of Hermon is the ancient ruin of Deir el 'Ashâyir — one of those many Syro-Greek or Phœnician temples which attest that immemorial sanctity of Mount Hermon to which, perhaps, St. Peter alludes in the words, "when we were with Him in the *holy mount*."

\* Zion is generally explained here as = Sion, one of the names of Hermon.

## XII.

## DAMASCUS.

ON the morning of April 26 our travellers approach Damascus by the carriage-road (first encountered yesterday) which connects that city with Beyrout. Very much puzzled are the Syrian steeds at this hard, white thing along which they are expected to go. They have climbed over the steepest, rockiest tracks without a stumble, and cantered gaily over the smooth, turfy plains, but a carriage-road is quite too much for their equanimity; they start continually at their own shadows, and shy violently from one side of the road to the other for no reason at all. Neither are their riders well pleased by any means. "Alas!" says Philippa pathetically, "here we are again in the land of carriages and many more unnecessary complications. How prosaic this is after those fascinating and break-neck mountain paths!"

But even Philippa's indignation is mollified at the sight of the joyous hilarity of the Syrian folk for whom the name of Shâm — *i.e.*, Damascus — calls up delectable visions of rest and refreshment after their toilsome pilgrimage. And the travellers cannot help sympathizing with their good Arabs, between whom and themselves a very friendly attachment has grown up during the three weeks of their journey from Jerusalem. The Syrians know no English, and the English travellers but few words of Arabic, but a few words go a long way when emphasized with signs, and there exists not an Arab but is a consummate actor, and deeply versed in the language of gesticulation.

The little army assembled by Cæsar for the present journey have proved themselves incredibly obliging, being always on the lookout for some little service to be done for one or other of the travellers. One notable instance of their friendly zeal shall be more particularly recorded. It relates to the suppression of the highly accomplished donkeys referred to in a former chapter. The father, having been several times kept awake all night long by the elaborate vocal concert which they nightly performed, at last remonstrated seriously with Cæsar on the subject. Whereupon the Cæsar, assembling his men, made them so eloquent a speech that the effect was magical. Ever since that event not only has a profound stillness reigned at night (it is said that some of the Syrians were told off to sit up with the donkeys and keep them quiet), but even in

the daytime, if a donkey do but throw back his head for a little song, one of the Arabs (Hassan generally) will dart forward, throw his arms round his neck, and throttle in his throat the incipient pray.

To return to this same Saturday morning. The cavalcade has not travelled far before it enters the deep fringe of gardens (or rather orchards) which surrounds on all sides the city of Damascus, and extends far up the gorge of the Barada. Walnut and apricot trees and many others hang over the road, and deliciously shelter it from the glaring sunshine. And withal there is the rush and murmur of many waters. Playful waterfalls leap down the rocky side of the gorge; and close beside the road, swift and mighty, deep and clear and smooth, the renowned Nahr Barada, the ancient river Abana,

Glideth and shall glide in eddy course forever.

Truly that was a plausible exclamation of Naaman's, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" Absurd, indeed, must it have seemed to him, proud of his beautiful city and her lordly streams, to be sent to bathe in the muddy waters of Jordan.

Onward go the travellers, and, as they enter the plain of Damascus and approach the city, Cæsar keeps a sharp lookout for an eligible camping-ground. The meadows beside the river are low and marshy.

"This will never do!" says the father. "If you cannot find a dry place, Cæsar, we must go into a hotel." At which speech his younger daughters, who think that no kind of existence can compare with tent-life, look very blank indeed.

At last a corner of higher ground is discovered where there is room for the tents among the fruit-trees, hard by a bean-field wherein grow not only or principally beans, but also poppies—huge Damascus poppies, three times as large as English ones, and of a deep, rich color gorgeous to behold. So, while luncheon is eaten under an apricot-tree, the tents are pitched, and the travellers find themselves once more at home.

Very pleasant are the days which follow, spent by the wanderers in luxurious peace and quiet, very acceptable after their long ride from Jerusalem. If any one were to see them, an hour or two before sunset, reclining under the trees in the shade near their sitting-tent, drinking afternoon tea and eating Turkish delight, he would

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scarcely give them credit for so much energy as would enable them to entertain that wild design which the more enterprising spirits among them are already beginning confidentially to discuss,—not seriously but as a vague castle in the air,—a design of travelling away eastward over the Syrian desert, and beholding the wonders of that almost mythical city, the ancient Palmyra.

The first and last days of their stay are the birthdays of two of the sisters, on which occasions the Syrian folk vie with one another in presenting the loveliest flowers imaginable, wherewith the sitting-tent is decorated till it is all aglow with brilliant colors. The gardens of Damascus are famous, and bouquets of roses here are worth having!

Meanwhile the sights of Damascus are not neglected. The travellers explore the street called Straight, which well deserves its name, being a mile in length and "as direct" (quothe the pedantic Sebaste) "as a ruled line, or a sentence of Tacitus." They also visit the fragment of old wall said to be that by which St. Paul was let down in a basket, and ride out to the synagogue at Jôbar, which marks the traditional spot of the anointing of Hazael by Elijah "to be king over Syria." Very interesting, also, is the expedition which they make along the road through the Meidân suburb by which St. Paul, coming from Jerusalem, must have entered the city *χειραγωγούμενος* ("led by the hand") and by which at the present day, the haj, or yearly pilgrim caravan, departs for Mecca.

Various purchases are made in the shops, and great is the astonishment of the shopkeepers when told to send these articles to the tents instead of to a hotel. More especially our friends love to haunt the bazaars, which, however, they pronounce far inferior to those of Cairo, and less genuinely Oriental. Who does not know, at least from descriptions, something of the picturesque richness, the endless variety, the glowing colors of an Eastern bazaar? There is the narrow lane, roofed over more or less, so that while without the perpetual sunshine is hot and glaring, within there reigns a delicious shade,—yet with plenty of openings to admit the light, which, entering only from above, shows to the best advantage the picturesque crowd forever ebbing and flowing between the shops on each side,—shops one calls them by courtesy, but they are nothing more than little recesses, with the floor (on which sits the merchant-

shopman) raised a foot or two above the ground. These recesses are filled to overflowing with the "riches of Damascus" — gorgeous silken stuffs and exquisite embroidery, or perhaps an endless quantity of scarlet boots and slippers, or maybe heaps of delicious Oriental sweetmeats.

If the bazaars of Damascus are less picturesquely satisfactory than those of Cairo, the European element in the population is far smaller; and all the folk wear graceful Eastern robes of such beautiful materials, and such rich and delicate colors, that one seems as he walks the streets to be contemplating a succession of ideal pictures rather than a piece of every-day life. Even the ladies' costumes make a goodly show here; for whereas in Cairo the all-enveloping silk mantle which every lady wears out of doors is almost invariably black, in Damascus it is of all the colors of the rainbow. But the rich attire of the inhabitants is sadly contrasted by their pallid and miserable countenances, for it is now the month of Ramadan, the great Mohammedan fast, and from earliest dawn to sunset not so much as a crumb of bread or a drop of water may pass a Moslem's lips, and (what is almost more melancholy still) he may not even seek consolation in his beloved *nargileh*. Between three and four in the morning (so soon, saith the ordinance, as there is sufficient light whereby to distinguish a black thread from a blue) a cannon is fired to announce that the fast has begun, and must be kept till, at the moment when the sun vanishes below the horizon, another gun is fired, whereupon every one begins to eat, and goes on eating as long as may be.

Other sights of Damascus are — the tomb of Saladin (who was born in the neighboring village of Salahéyeh), and the Great Mosque. The Great Mosque is an ancient Christian church incorporating the ruins of a still more ancient Roman temple, of which sundry remains are still visible, and which, about 400 A.D., was restored as a church, and dedicated to St. John the Baptist. It is thought (and the theory is probable) that this classic temple was built on the site of the temple of Rimmon, where the king of Syria used to worship of old, leaning on Naaman's hand. The interior of the mosque is very large and lofty, and it is easy to see from its form that the building was originally a church. The marble floor is covered with bright Eastern carpets, on which groups of pale-faced Moslems stand and prostrate themselves, going through the prescribed

devotions or sit resting and enjoying their favorite occupation of doing nothing.

More grateful to Christian eyes than the splendor of the interior is a certain ancient inscription on the outside, of which the Moslems know not, and which is so far out of the way that there is good hope of their never finding it. Led by the sister, our friends start one morning in search of it. Passing through the silversmiths' bazaar (not a street, but a large covered space where the silversmiths, grouped round their tiny furnaces, fashion by hand with the simplest tools imaginable the most beautiful ornaments in silver filigree), they make their way to a corner thereof, where is a flight of stone steps leading up to the roof of the bazaar. Ascending thereby, and emerging into the sunshine, they see before them the southern side of the Great Mosque, and obtain a good view of the very beautiful western minaret. They advance to the point where the top of a triple gateway appears above the roof of the bazaar, and there over the central arch is the Greek inscription of which they are in search. It was cut (probably at the time of the restoration already mentioned) on what is evidently a part of the ancient Roman temple, which the Christian architect was loath to destroy, as it is ornamented by very fine mouldings, and which he dedicated to the true God by cutting on the stone these words, prefaced by the sign of the cross:

Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is a Kingdom of all  
ages,  
and Thy Dominion is from generation to generation.

"It seems," says the sister, "that the Moslems never discovered this inscription, or at least could not read it if they did, so that here it remains, clear and legible still, and will remain, let us hope, till the church is reconsecrated and restored to its rightful use."

Meanwhile the Palmyra project begins to assume a less misty and indefinite form. The father declares that it is absurd for him, at threescore years and twelve, to be led such a dance by his daughters across mountains and deserts and so forth; but every one knows that the father, in all but years and prudence, is the youngest and most enterprising of the whole party.

"Cæsar, do you think you could show us the way to Palmyra?" says he one night at supper-time.

The Cæsar looks doubtful for a moment, and then vanishes to take counsel with Yuseph and Abu Hassan, the result being



that Cæsar is willing to undertake the journey if he is allowed a few days for preparations. He must buy a tent to shelter the travellers from the sun during the midday rest in the desert, he must hire extra mules to carry provisions and charcoal for fuel, and finally must secure camels to carry water.

The travellers are somewhat puzzled as to how they are to obtain the protection which is very necessary in crossing the desert, supposing one does not feel inclined to be pounced upon by the Bedouin, and kept prisoner till a ransom is forthcoming. At first they think of applying for a few Turkish soldiers, but there are well-authenticated stories afloat of Turkish soldiers going two days' march into the desert and then suddenly turning back and leaving the travellers to their fate; and they are happily dispensed with when it is discovered that one Nasr ibn Abdullah, sheikh of the 'Anazeh, is at the present moment in Damascus, and willing to accompany the travellers, and moreover, that his presence will be a better safeguard than any number of soldiers. The 'Anazeh are the most powerful of the Bedouin tribes, and it is said that they can bring into the field no less than ten thousand horsemen, and ninety thousand camels with riders thereupon.

Sheikh Nasr is tall and stately, with a fine face of the darkest bronze. Very graceful and picturesque is his Bedouin dress. Over a long robe of soft whitish material confined by a girdle of red he wears the brown *abba*, a long, thick cloak made of goat's hair, contrasting with the bright red *kefiyeh* which he wears over his head, and which is kept in place by a camel-hair coil. He is the kindest and most courteous of men, with the true Bedouin grace of manner. He knows not a word of any European language whatsoever, but his grave and gentle dignity is rather enhanced by the silence with which, when he visits the travellers at their tents, he kindly greets them, touching his forehead, his lips, and his breast, and meaning thereby, "I greet you with my head, my mouth, and my heart."

Before the morning of departure has arrived, the travellers fail not to ride up to that high point among the neighboring hills whence Mohammed once surveyed the beautiful plain of Damascus. There at his feet, its graceful minarets of dazzling white islanded in the deep green foliage of the surrounding orchards, lay the most ancient city in the world, seeming in its freshness and beauty as though

built by some beneficent afrit in the midst of an enchanted forest, and preserved evermore in eternal youth by some mighty and mystic spell. The Prophet, saith the tradition, had travelled from Arabia far over the dreary deserts, but when at last he beheld from this point the beautiful city he turned away. "Man can enter Paradise but once!" said he, and refused to enter Damascus.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### EARLY RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

THE first regular train service in this country commenced on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway on Friday, September 17, 1830, two days after the opening of the line. It was not on a very ambitious scale; three trains each way on week days and two on Sundays were deemed quite sufficient. The novelty of the thing, however, at first, and very soon its proved safety and efficiency, led at once to a much larger traffic than had been anticipated, and as soon as the company could obtain more rolling-stock the service was increased. For a time people who had ventured to risk their lives by the new mode of conveyance were the objects of admiration for their courage or of contempt for their foolhardiness; but one by one the coaches had to be taken off the road, and everybody went by rail. The time occupied in the journey was at first seldom more than two hours, and often less, the distance being thirty-one miles; but even this rate was too fast for some people, for a gentleman, writing about six weeks after the opening of the line, says the speed was too great to be pleasant, and caused him to feel somewhat giddy. The travelling was not very comfortable, undoubtedly; the coaches were at first only coupled with chains, as wagons are now, so that they jerked the unfortunate passengers nearly off their seats at starting, and clashed violently against each other when the driver put on his brake. When fairly in motion, if the speed was any but the slowest, the very short wheel-base produced a pitching action so trying that if the journey had not been a short one it would have seriously affected the popularity of the railway as a means of passenger transit.

For a time goods were also conveyed by the passenger trains, but as soon as the purely experimental stage of the working of the line was passed through this was

given up, and the more methodical and regular system took its place. The coaches at first had names, just as their predecessors on the turnpike roads had, and were made as much like them as the altered circumstances permitted. The luggage was loaded on the roof, and passengers who preferred to do so took their seats outside at each end. Both these customs obtained for several years after the Liverpool and Manchester had ceased to exist as such, and were, in fact, general at one time on most lines. The extreme discomfort from the dust and fine ashes necessitated the use of gauze spectacles by the outside passengers if they wished to arrive at their journey's end in possession of their eyesight. When going through tunnels the sparks and ashes became more than merely unpleasant—they were decidedly dangerous, as the roof, of course, deflected them straight upon the passengers in a continuous stream. It was no uncommon thing for the luggage to catch fire, in spite of being carefully sheeted over; but the strong conservatism of English railway companies kept up the practice of loading it on the roof down to about 1860. At first there were no fixed signals on the Liverpool and Manchester line, the drivers being directed by policemen with red and green flags, and whilst this system lasted no trains were run at night. The first junction signal-box was called a lighthouse, and in order that the drivers might be aware of its vicinity during thick weather, it was proposed that the signalman should perform on a large drum. The practice of carrying the mails by railway did not come into vogue for some years, as the companies objected to running trains during the night, and the coaches were more regular and punctual. The Grand Junction Railway, however, as early as 1838, constructed a travelling post-office, and soon the mails from London were conveyed by all the lines as the stage-coaches were forced out of existence by their new rivals. The vehicles used on the mail trains were of better construction than the others; more space was given, and, we may add, higher fares were charged. Only four passengers occupied each first-class compartment, of which there were three in each coach; and though we are accustomed to regard sleeping-carriages as quite a modern institution, one compartment of each "first-class mail" was convertible into a "bed-carriage" from the earliest times of the London and Birmingham and Grand Junction Railways. On the latter line the lamps were fixed

outside—stage-coach fashion—two on each side at the divisions between the three compartments. The mail-guard, gorgeously clothed in scarlet, rode outside on the last vehicle, seated, not upon the roof, like the passengers, but on a sort of perch or rumble, like the back seat of a travelling-carriage, with the mail-bags in a large box in front of him. In a general way the whole system, like that of its forerunner, was planned upon the idea of providing for the well-to-do classes only, it not being thought likely that others would travel to any great extent.

The intermediate traffic received but little consideration, the wealthy business towns at each end of the line being expected to provide practically the whole of the traffic. The second-class, or "mixed," trains, as they were termed, alone stopped at the roadside stations, and passengers at the latter must often have been rather disgusted at the Grand Junction Company's regulation that "the trains would start as soon as ready, without reference to the times stated in the time-tables, the main object being to perform the whole journey as expeditiously as possible." The second-class coaches on this line were not very attractive from a modern point of view, for although they afforded complete protection from the weather, they had no lining, no cushions, and no divisions of the compartments. By the latter phrase arms between the seats were meant, and in consequence of this the second-class passenger could seat himself where he liked, whilst his first-class neighbor's seat was numbered to correspond with his ticket. This regulation, though it included the advantage of a reserved place, limited his choice of where he would sit in a manner which would not be altogether popular nowadays.

On the Manchester and Leeds line, in 1841, the second-class had wooden sliding shutters instead of glass sashes, but it was very usual to employ closed coaches at night, the open-sided ones being kept for day traffic. The former, by the way, were sometimes known, by way of distinction, as "glass-coaches." A train in those days presented a much more gay and festive appearance than it does in these sober and steady-going times. The engines had a good deal of bright brass about them, whilst the coaches were of different colors, bright and striking ones being usually adopted. Thus on the Newcastle and Carlisle line the first-class were painted yellow, the second-class white; the company did not condescend to carry

third-class passengers at all. On the Dublin and Kingstown, also about 1840, the firsts were purple, the closed seconds yellow, the open seconds green, and the thirds Prussian blue. The outside passengers themselves, at a time when white trousers and blue coats were not thought outrageous, added a good deal to the picturesque of the scene. The guard in many cases wore a scarlet coat with silver buttons, and formed on the roof of the last coach a fitting termination to the brilliant procession. He was not much to be envied, however, for occasionally he was found to be frozen to his seat or insensible with the cold, and quite incapable of working his primitive brake. This contrivance consisted of a vertical rod and handle connected below the floor with a horizontal shaft attached to the brake-blocks. A rather popular institution at one time was that of travelling in private carriages placed upon railway trucks, and usually attached to the end of the train. The chief object of so doing was to obtain a good view of the line and the country round about, whilst forming also a comfortable family party. Such passengers were usually charged second-class fares, and were perhaps as well off, or better, than if they had gone in the dreadfully cramped coaches of that class. The oscillation must have been rather alarming at times, and they had to put up with whatever the weather might have in store for them; but it was more usual to travel in this manner in summer than in winter. In fact, it was regarded as a pleasant sort of holiday outing to have a jaunt on the railway in your own carriage.

For some years passengers were booked over an open counter, the tickets being pieces of paper torn from a book usually containing five slips to each leaf. The name of the station the traveller was going to was sometimes written, sometimes impressed with a stamp; the date was added, the counterfoil made out, and finally a way-bill was handed to the guard, setting forth the number, class, and destination of his passengers in a most paternal and considerate manner. The present mode of issuing printed tickets was the invention of one Thomas Edmondson, a clerk on the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, about the year 1837. He realized a large sum by letting out his printing and stamping machines, but it was not until nearly 1850 that they became universally adopted. When railways so long as the London and Birmingham (one hundred and twelve miles) and Great Western (one hundred

and eighteen miles) were opened, the question of providing refreshments for the travellers became pressing. The former opened refreshment-rooms at Wolverton, the "half-way house," and for several years all trains stopped there. The place became celebrated for the scalding hot tea and coffee invariably supplied, and the insufficient time allowed for its consumption. Its career, however, was not a long one, Rugby becoming soon a place of much greater importance, and many a traveller on the London and North-Western of to-day has never heard the once famous name of Wolverton.

For a long time passengers were very badly catered for on most lines, the refreshment-rooms were let out to local contractors or broken-down servants of the company, the charges differed almost everywhere, and were only alike in being outrageously high. The present system, short of perfection as it is, is a vast improvement upon that of old days, and there can be little doubt the traveller of the future will not have much to complain of in the all-important matter of interior supplies.

A glance at the position of the third-class passenger of half a century ago, and we have done. Down to 1845 he had no legal status at all, many companies would not carry him at any price, others put him in an open goods truck with movable seats placed across it, and charged him 1½d. per mile for the luxury too. He was conveyed with other unclean animals by cattle-trains, he was shunted about in his bufferless box for hours, and when at last he reached his destination it was to see a notice that "the company's servants are strictly ordered not to porter for wagon-passengers."

A delightful conveyance often used for third-class traffic was known as a "Stanhope." It consisted of a box about eighteen feet long, divided into four compartments by two wooden bars crossing each other in the middle. There was a door to each compartment, but it had no seats, so that the number of passengers it would contain depended upon the bulk of the respective Stanhopes. The absence of seats, however, was the "last straw," travellers rebelled, and the Stanhopes were not long in use. Of course we must take into consideration that few people besides men of business and the wealthy travelled at all, much less the humbler classes. On the rare occasions when the latter made journeys they relied upon getting a lift now and then from some friendly carter,

or a place on one of the huge stage-wagons which conveyed goods at a walking-pace on the main roads, or, much more frequently, they simply tramped. When, however, the railways themselves immensely increased the demand for labor, the poor, like other people, became much less stationary than of yore, and soon the impediments to getting about freely became intolerable. It was also felt that the railways owed the working-classes some recompense for having superseded most of the few modes of locomotion open to them, such as the stage-wagons just mentioned, the "fly-boats" on the canals, etc. The legislature, therefore, in 1845, passed an act, the chief provisions of which were that at least one train must be run over each line per day, and in both directions, calling at every station, going at least twelve miles an hour, charging not more than a penny per mile, and having coaches provided with seats, roofs, sides, and light. Some companies interpreted this act more liberally than others, but few erred on the side of excessive generosity. Most of them were afraid of diverting the better-paying traffic into the lowest class, so that the most miserable vehicles that could be made to meet the requirements of the act were constructed and used for many years.

At last, however, a brighter day dawned, and the unfortunate, despised third-class traveller began to find himself courted as the mainstay of the passenger traffic of some of the largest companies in England. He is now so thoroughly well able to look after his own interests that we may safely leave him to the care of those great corporations which, having discovered, after so many years, his commercial value, pursue the sensible and enlightened policy of inducing people to travel by treating them well and making the time which most of us have, more or less, to spend in travelling as agreeable and comfortable as it is in its nature to be.

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From *The Contemporary Review*.  
THE NEW STAR IN AURIGA.

THROUGH the modest medium of an anonymous post-card, an event of high importance to astro-physical science was, on the 1st of February last, announced to Dr. Copeland, the Scottish astronomer-royal. This was nothing less than the outburst of a new star in the Milky Way. Now such apparitions are not too com-

mon, and they are always short-lived. About a score of them have been credibly recorded during two thousand years, beginning with the star which, according to Pliny, determined Hipparchus upon the construction of his epoch-making catalogue. And the "modern Hipparchus" received a similar emphatic summons. Tycho Brahe was, on November 11, 1572, rescued from the quagmire of alchemy, and recalled to his true vocation, by the startling splendor of the renowned nova in Cassiopeia. This extraordinary object was, to begin with, as bright as Jupiter, and by a further rise, placed itself, in a few days, well-nigh on a par with Venus at her best. Neither the glare of the sun at noon, nor the drifting by night of clouds thick enough to conceal every other sidereal object, availed to blot out its scintillating lustre. Yet it has utterly disappeared. Not even Mr. Roberts's searching camera can detect, in the place it once occupied, the faintest glimmer of its pristine fires. They are to all appearance extinct, and there is small probability that they will ever be rekindled. The idea, it is true, got abroad, and even still partially prevails, that the star of 1572 had previously manifested itself at intervals of about three hundred years, and might be expected to show once more towards the close of the present century; but it seems to have originated in pure misapprehension of some vague mediæval notices of comets. Kepler, however, enjoyed the privilege of observing, though in a totally different quarter of the sky, a new star scarcely the inferior of Tycho's; and these two have, so far, met no rivals to their surpassing brilliancy.

Our own age has, nevertheless, no reason to complain. It has been, on the contrary, exceptionally favored in the unusual number of stellar apparitions presented to it. Half-a-dozen have been crowded into the comparatively short space of forty-four years, and may, accordingly, all have been witnessed with mature comprehension by many men now living. Eminent among them is Mr. Hind, the discoverer of the first of the series, the nova, as such objects are technically called, of 1848, the immediate predecessor of which, separated from it by an interval of one hundred and seventy-eight blank years, was Anhelm's nova of 1670. This glaring inequality of apportionment has certainly been for the advantage of science. Astronomers in the last century were ill-equipped for taking advantage of such opportunities, while modern physical

appliances are especially adapted for turning them to the best account. They are indeed eagerly welcomed, and the evidence afforded by them is earnestly invoked for the testing of novel theories, and for the decision of various moot questions relative to the constitution of the heavenly bodies. When rapid changes are going on, nature's secrets are apt to slip out for the instruction of those on the watch for them; and new stars are the intensified embodiment of change. No wonder then that the Edinburgh missive of February acted as a *réveille* to the astronomical forces in all parts of the northern hemisphere.

The sender turns out to have been a denizen of Auld Reekie, Mr. Thomas D. Anderson, the example of whose success will doubtless kindle the zeal of many another amateur star-gazer. His discovery might indeed have been made a week earlier. Only by degrees, and after several observations, Mr. Anderson came to recognize the novelty of the object sending its straw-yellow beams from a previously empty spot in the southern part of the constellation Auriga. It was found, moreover, on inquiry to have unobtrusively recorded itself twelve times, from December 10, 1891, to January 20, 1892, on the chart-plates exposed at Harvard College for the purposes of the great spectrographic survey in progress there under Professor Pickering's direction. With the first of these casually secured impressions, its biography begins. No trace of its existence has as yet been pursued further back. Unless totally obscure, it belonged then to the crowd of uncatalogued small stars; and merely swelled by a unit the nameless multitude of the heavens. Nothing indicated the distinction in reserve for it.

For one of its class, however, its growth in light was to an uncommon degree leisurely. Most new stars have leaped upwards from obscurity with bewildering swiftness. They claim, as a rule, neither past nor future worth mentioning, and only a brief, if brilliant, present. But the star of 1892 attained no strongly emphasized maximum. Although absolutely brightest about December 20, it slowly regained light until February 8, when it was of the fifth magnitude—that is, well within the range of naked-eye vision—entering then upon a gradual, and not perfectly continuous, decline. In aspect it was throughout perfectly stellar. Its rays emanated from a sharp point, and, some incautious remarks to the contrary notwithstanding, were nowise blurred or hazy. And a long-

exposure photograph, taken by Mr. Roberts with a view to developing possible nebulous surroundings, conclusively demonstrated their absence. A similar result was obtained at South Kensington by Professor Lockyer. To all appearance, then, the object was, and is a star like any other. But let us hear the dictum of the spectro-scope in the matter.

The light of Nova Aurigæ, unrolled by prismatic dispersion into a rainbow-tinted riband, presented a dazzling spectacle. Splendid groups of bright lines stood out from a paler background; the red ray of hydrogen, Fraunhofer's C., glowed, as Mr. Espin remarked, like a danger-signal on a dark night; a superb quartet of rays shone in the green; shimmering blue bands and lines drew the eye far up towards the violet; the characteristic blazing spectrum, in fact, of a new star was unmistakably present. Its interpretation left no doubt that hydrogen played a large part in the conflagration; Dr. and Mrs. Huggins at once identified a yellow line with the well-known shining badge of sodium, and more than suspected an adjacent ray to belong to the solar element called "helium;" and a violet line distinctive of calcium imprinted itself strongly on numerous photographs. The substances accordingly ascertained to be glowing in this far-off body, are sodium and calcium, the metallic bases, respectively, of common salt and lime; with hydrogen, the universally diffused gaseous metal indispensable for the production of water. Iron and magnesium are doubtful; but carbon had certainly *not* stamped its sign-manual on the opened scroll of the new star's light.

It was marked, however, by one extraordinary peculiarity in the coupling with dark lines of all the bright rays conspicuous over its entire extent. Each lustrous member of the great hydrogen-series carried a black shadow on its *blue* or more refrangible side; the rays of sodium, calcium, and other unidentified substances being similarly attended. The meaning of this strange appearance was evident, if in the highest degree surprising.

The principle by which motion in the line of sight can be detected through its effect upon the spectrum of the moving body, is now fully recognized. The amount, moreover, of the observed change gives the velocity of the motion, and the *sense* of the change tells its direction. Thus, the rays, say, of hydrogen, when they proceed from a luminous mass rapidly approaching the earth, are pushed



from their standard places towards the blue end of the spectrum, while they shift towards the red when the movement is one of recession. The result is strictly analogous to the variation of pitch perceived by a stationary listener in the steam-whistle of a rushing engine. The sound is rendered acute, because the air-waves are shortened by the advance of its originating source; it sinks, on the contrary, as they are lengthened by its retreat. And so with the waves of light sent out by the stars. They are physically crowded together by a physical advance, and hence become *more blue*; but because their succession is retarded, they become *more red* when a velocity of withdrawal is in question. Astro-physicists can, accordingly, determine whether a celestial object be moving towards or away from the earth, and at what rate, by simply measuring on a photograph the deviation from its normal position of some known line in its spectrum.

But in Nova Aurigæ two amazing circumstances were disclosed by this method of procedure. First, the speed corresponding to the measured displacements was unprecedented; next, it was apparently pursued, at the same time, in opposite directions. The bright lines unanimously showed to the careful scrutiny of Dr. Vogel at Potsdam recession at the extraordinary rate of four hundred and twenty English miles a second, while their dark comrades testified to an approach of three hundred. Plainly, then, both sets were not emitted by the same body; and a twofold spectrum, owning a twofold origin, was at once seen to be under observation. The whole range of bright lines, in short, was obviously marked out as the appurtenance of a mass rushing away from the earth, the dark ones matching them, as proceeding from a mass rushing towards it. And the two were separating at the rate of seven hundred and twenty miles a second, or about sixty-two millions of miles a day!

Moreover, these portentous velocities showed, during at least a month, no perceptible slackening. The coupled lines did not tend to close up, as they should have done if the bodies they served to distinguish relaxed their furious speed, or swerved from their straight course. Hence, these presumably did neither the one nor the other to any considerable extent. They can scarcely then be in mutual circulation; yet a pair of gravitating masses could not possibly have made so close an approach as theirs evidently was,

without swaying one another into the description of some kind of orbit. Their orbit, however, may be of the hyperbolic variety; in which case the bodies just now visually conjoined are flying asunder, never to meet again. Their single encounter, if this be so, was what we, in our ignorance, can only describe as casual; and the greater part of their motion must be inherent; it belonged, that is, to themselves, *ab origine*, and was not merely imparted by the pull of their mutual attractive forces. And we should indeed naturally expect the solitary outburst of a "new star" to be associated with precisely such a temporary relationship as comports with hyperbolic travelling. In a permanently organized system, on the other hand, light-fluctuations, if they occurred at all, might be looked for periodically. This state of things, in fact, seems actually to prevail in the only known example comparable in any degree with the wonderful star of our present experience. The variable star Beta, in the constellation of the Lyre, has, like Nova Aurigæ, been resolved, through the photographic study of its spectrum,\* into a pair, of which one member emits, bright, the other shows dark lines on a prismatic background. But here there is clear evidence of revolution in a closed orbit, the bright and dark lines exchanging their relative positions once in nearly thirteen days. Moreover, this same period is observed with strict punctuality by the luminous fluctuations of the star. So that we have here a persuasive argument of identity in nature between continuous stellar variations in brightness, conducted regularly in short periods, and the catastrophic outbreak of temporary stars. Nay, we gather a hint that the shape of the orbits traversed by such bodies determines the character of their changes; periodical variability depending upon elliptical movement, ephemeral splendor followed by irrecoverable decay corresponding to a single approach at an excessive velocity, with consequent separation along tracks divergent to infinity.

The star of 1892 has then taught us to regard stellar apparitions as resulting, in some way, from the temporary vicinity of two rapidly moving cosmical masses. All new stars are, it may safely be asserted, during the brief epoch of their visibility, double stars.† The light that they send

\* Conducted at Harvard College by Mrs. M. Fleming and Miss A. C. Maury under the direction of Professor Pickering.

† The compound nature of all variable stars has been

us emanates from a twofold source. Their duplicity, however, might not always be patent to observation. For the spectra of the bodies in conjunction could only be separately distinguished if their motion happened, like that of the components of Nova Aurigæ, to be largely directed towards or from the earth. If they advanced and retired *sideways* or *vertically* — terrestrially speaking — the combined powers of the spectroscope and camera could extract from them no sign by which their separate existence might be inferred. Sidereal science is thus indebted to the present unaccustomed inmate of our skies for the disclosure of a fact which, without the aid of a body so happily circumstanced for the gratification of intellectual curiosity, might have remained for ages undivulged.

But the knowledge that incandescence of the kind first analyzed by Dr. Huggins in the star of 1866 is due to external influence, leads immediately to a further question as to how that influence is exerted. Direct collisions are not to be thought of. And for this obvious reason, that the impact of two inelastic bodies either brings them to a standstill, or reduces them to a unanimity of slackened motion. We know but too familiarly what takes place when oppositely rushing trains crash together. They certainly do *not* proceed onward at express speed to their respective destinations. But this is precisely what the components of Nova Aurigæ are doing. They have beyond question met no serious check in their flying careers. No considerable part of their motion has been sacrificed to produce their increase of light. Elementary though the principle be, yet it is not superfluous to insist upon it, that incandescence through collision implies stoppage, partial or entire. Since the evolved light and heat are only transformed motion, both kinds of energy cannot be present simultaneously. They are correlative. One disappears to furnish the other. Unless the motion be arrested, the blaze will not occur. One might as well expect to get a coat without curtailment of the piece of cloth affording the material for it.

Hence the outburst of the new star in Auriga cannot be attributed to an actual bodily encounter of two dark bodies swiftly

traversing space. The hypothesis of a grazing collision has more to recommend it. Yet in this case, too, motion should be sacrificed in strict proportion to the development of luminosity. Unless evidence of retardation should be forthcoming, the supposition of outlying entanglements must be abandoned. The two masses, however, spectroscopically observed to be hurrying past at the daily rate of sixty-two million miles, cannot, one would imagine, have surrendered much of their velocity in the process of gaining enhancement to their brilliancy. There is, indeed, a possibility of a *third* body being present, travelling much more slowly than the others. Dr. Vogel, towards the close of February, observed the bright lines on his photographs to be, not only accompanied by dark ones, but themselves double; and he suggested (though with great reserve) in explanation of the phenomenon, the triplicity of the new star. This too, had, very curiously, been surmised by Dr. and Mrs. Huggins as early as February 3, and, if real, could only, one would think, be due to a division of the gaseous body, analogous to the breaking up of some comets in passing the sun. Yet the circumstance that the bright line spectrum of Beta Lyrae sometimes appears similarly twofold, warns us not to adopt over-hastily the hypothesis of physical disruption in combination with arrest of movement in the disrupted body.

Masses of matter may, nevertheless, be excited to luminosity by other means besides that primitive one employed in the tinder-box. But before hazarding a conjecture as to how these might be brought into action, let us see what has been learned as to the nature of the bodies concerned in the transient splendor of our nova. One of them, as giving a spectrum of bright lines, must be of a gaseous constitution. But it is known to be neither a comet on a vast scale, nor a nebula, by the absence of the quality of light distinctive of each of these classes of object. The yellow, green, and blue hydro-carbon bands forming the chief part of cometary radiance were clearly shown by Dr. and Mrs. Huggins to have no place in the spectrum of the star, which included conspicuously, on the other hand, the unbroken hydrogen-series of rhythmically disposed rays, from burning red to invisible ultra-violet. But not one of these has ever been observed in a comet. The characteristic nebular spectrum, too, is entirely unrepresented in the nova, as the eminent

advocated for some years by Professor Lockyer; and the merit of the suggestion should be fully acknowledged, although the "meteoritic hypothesis," of which it formed an integral part, has received a fatal blow from the spectroscopic investigations of Nova Aurigæ.

investigators just named were the first to point out;\* and although affinities are traceable between its light and that of the so-called "Wolf-Rayet Stars" in the Milky Way, the resemblance is by no means complete. Thus the gaseous component of Nova Aurigæ belongs really to no established category of celestial objects. It is a body either peculiar in itself, or peculiar through its circumstances.

The second, and most likely the principal, member of the pair is less difficult to classify. It is emphatically a sun, and an exceedingly hot sun. An enormously high temperature is implied by the strength and compass of its ultra-violet spectrum, photographed February 22, by Dr. and Mrs. Huggins, at Tulse Hill with an exposure of one hour and three quarters. As regards the proportionate intensity of its actinic rays, it is, in fact, not outdone by Sirius itself. The details, however, of its spectral hieroglyphics bring it nearer to Rigel than to Sirius; and it may accordingly be ranked with the Orion variety of "white stars."

Now there is good reason to suppose that every such body is in a state of powerful electrical excitement, and creates in its neighborhood a very extensive magnetic field. A second body entering this field, and sweeping with prodigious speed across the lines of force traversing it, must then give rise to powerful electrical agitations. And here, perhaps, may be found the chief source of the amazing displays registered by astronomers as "new stars." Gravitational disturbances, too, of the kind that raise tides in terrestrial oceans, but immensely exaggerated in degree, no doubt come in as auxiliaries, and produce, at any rate, notable effects of bodily distortion, if not of bodily disruption; yet the view that the sudden illuminations in sidereal space exemplified by the apparition of Nova Aurigæ result, in some measure, from the inductive action of highly electrified bodies dashing past each other at excessive velocities, may possibly be substantiated by future researches into the nature of the unmeasured forces thus brought into play.

By its situation in the thick of the Milky Way, our present "guest-star" conforms to a rule almost universal in such cases. The significance of that rule cannot be mistaken, for it is too faithfully observed to be accounted for otherwise than by real physical location; and we are thus as-

sured beyond doubt that new stars have their proper place among the "clusters and beds of worlds," collected into the zone of dim light spanning our wintry skies. The conditions then reigning there must be such as to favor in a marked degree stellar conflagrations. And two of these conditions are well ascertained. The galactic region, in the first place, is assuredly one of exceptional crowding; and it is abundantly stocked, in the second, with bodies of a gaseous nature, and showing gaseous affinities. Rapid and vast developments, accordingly, of gaseous incandescence through quasi-encounters between rushing masses, are much more likely, it would seem, to occur within Milky Way aggregations than elsewhere in sidereal space.

The components of Nova Aurigæ must be added to the list of what are called "runaway stars." Their headlong velocities are altogether beyond the control of any gravitational power which can reasonably be supposed to reside in the sidereal system. What other forces may be acting upon them, it were vain to conjecture; we can only hold to the secure conviction that they pursue no random career, and make no purposeless haste. Yet the revelation is none the less startling of the prevalence of so tremendous an agitation of movement within the seemingly rigid collections of the Milky Way. By their inconceivable remoteness, the visible effects of displacement there are well-nigh annihilated; the telescopic detection of them may demand centuries of refined observation; only the wonderful faculty by which the spectroscope is enabled, irrespectively of distance, to measure movements in the line of sight, has afforded the bewildering vision now unfolded to us of a *mêlée* of flying bodies in a realm of apparent immobility.

To this realm Nova Aurigæ properly belongs — a realm so far off that light can hardly spend less, and may spend much more, than a hundred years on the journey thence to our eyes. The blaze then, studied by astronomers with such curious results during the last couple of months, occurred undoubtedly before any of them were born; and may very well date as far back in absolute time as the Battle of the Boyne. Agile light-rays have, meantime, been bearing the news of the event across the portentous intervening gulf at the express rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second. A proportionate magnitude must be assigned to the catastrophe. Our own sun would make a

\* The two rays nearest to the chief nebular lines have since been identified by Dr. Vogel with well-known solar-chromospheric groups.

very poor show if removed to the distance of galactic aggregations. It could certainly not be discerned with the naked eye; it might not even have been thought worth registering in any of our hitherto constructed star-catalogues. So that the new star of 1892 may well have attained to one hundred times the solar brilliancy.

The certainty of the novel and striking disclosures obtained from it was in great measure due to the employment of the chemical method. No object of the kind had previously been investigated with the potent aid of the camera, reliance on which was, in the present instance, amply justified by the upshot. The star was photographed everywhere, under both its simple and its prismatic aspects, on the too rare occasions of favorable weather. The earliest records of its spectrum were secured by Father Sidgreaves at Stonyhurst, and by Professor Lockyer at South Kensington; and the Potsdam series extends from February 14 far into March. From the collation of these various documents, the history of the changes undergone by the remarkable pair of separately invisible bodies, the anomalous relations of which have nevertheless been brought within our sure cognizance, can already be minutely deduced, and may, at any future time, be revised from the higher point of view of freshly acquired knowledge. Thus stellar science is, in none of its various branches, any longer dependent on the fleeting impressions of the fallible human eye. By an unerring process of self-registration, the phenomena it studies are rendered virtually permanent, and can be re-observed at will, long after the immediate witnesses of them have passed away. The application of this powerful engine of research to stars of the temporary class has assuredly borne memorable first-fruits. Their full value can hardly yet be estimated.

AGNES M. CLERKE.

From Chambers' Journal.  
NUNC DIMITTIS.

A PASTORAL.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark,  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark.

THE vicar of Lewcombe passed through the gate of the churchyard, which swung squeakily round on its centre under the high-pitched roof of brown thatch, and entered the church by the door in the tower. He had paused on his way, as he always

did, to speak with the wife of the sexton, whose cottage looked across at the rising ground on which the gravestones stood, with the church in their midst. Father and son, in a direct line for a hundred and forty years, the sextons of Lewcombe had made that cottage their home, and the sight of it was dear to the vicar's eyes. The old grey walls were rich in lichen, stonecrop, and moss; and the mullioned windows with their square heads were eloquent of the Tudor age. Up to the overhanging thatched eaves, myrtles and white jessamine climbed on either side of the porch; and the little slip of garden in front of the house was bright with hollyhocks and sunflowers. A large wicker bird-cage hung above the door, but for the present, at any rate, it was empty. Five or six plump fowls waddled round the gateposts and out into the road; and in a corner of the garden the tame magpie was taking his afternoon walk in dignified solitude. As the vicar approached, a yellow-hammer, or "gladdy," as the sexton's children called it, spread its gay wings and fluttered aloft; and though it was past the middle of September, swallows and martins were still wheeling swiftly through the calm, mild air.

The sexton's wife, who was always busied about something, had thrown open the hatch, or half-door, of the cottage, and was diligently bathing her youngest born, a little three-year-old girl, at the open doorway—"washing my lady on the dreskel," as she explained to the vicar, "to save the flossing"—or, in other words, to avoid splashing the floor of her one sitting-room. The vicar noticed that the child coughed once or twice while he stood by, and he mildly asked whether the exposure was prudent. "Er's a bit hoozy," the good woman admitted in her matter-of-fact way, plying the soap vigorously; "and when er's made all vitty and cleän, er shall zog a bit in the old arm-chair." The great hooded seat in the chimney corner, which it was plain had been made out of the hinder part of an old-fashioned closed carriage, looked cosy and inviting, and the fire glowed cheerily on the ample hearth. So the vicar just smiled and nodded in his kindly way, and went on, leaving the child to its mother's care.

Every week day afternoon for ten years, with hardly any exceptions, he had shut himself up for two or three hours in the church. During all that time he had been working at a task which he had set himself for love of the place; and apart from

the associations gathering round thirty-five years of patient ministrations, the church fully deserved all the affection and veneration which the old man bestowed upon it. Externally its pride was the unusually lofty, early English tower, up the sides of which, at this season of the year, the bright red creeper blazed in the warm sunlight, reaching up in flame-like peaks to the level of the long-necked gargoyles, whose facial expression had grown blank and meaningless from extreme old age; while, within, it gloried in a handsome rood-screen, almost perfect, and richly ornamented with a tracery of grapes, vine-foliage, and acorns, and an under-border of quatrefoils, in the elaborate and conscientious style of the thirteenth century. A few of the pew-heads had been decorated in a similar manner at the same time; but most of them had been left without ornament. Men to work upon them, or money to pay them with, had been wanting, and, unadorned, the simple curves of the old oak had acquired that plum-like bloom and softness which are so unmistakable to the sight and touch, and form so conclusive a proof of genuine antiquity. It was this defect which the vicar had set himself to remedy. He had a cunning hand, and a genuine love of the wood-carver's art; and ten years ago, as nearly as possible, his second son and only remaining child had gone away out into the world, and left him to end his days alone in the remote, west-country village. So, patiently and lovingly, as a solace for his loneliness, he began to work on the old pew-heads, faithfully following in every minute turn of leaf and twig the models with which a by-gone age had furnished him.

But to-day, no matter how slowly and carefully he wrought, or how long he paused to caress the smooth, shining curves of the dark wood, his task would be at an end. An hour's work at the most lay before him, and then the last pew-head would be complete in every detail. It was with a keen pang of regret that he thought of this, as he pushed open the heavy door in the tower and bared his white head. The years during which he had toiled so regularly and so zealously in that subdued light seemed to have passed by like some long and quiet dream, of which we find upon awaking that, while a vague impression of peacefulness is still left with us, the succession of shadowy incidents has wholly escaped our memory. There had, of course, been the usual round of duties — baptisms, marriages, and funerals, visiting the sick, organizing coal

clubs, superintending in the Sunday school, presiding at parish entertainments, and so forth, and these things had never been neglected; but the work in the old church had been, ever since it was begun, the centre round which all the vicar's other occupations revolved, the thought always uppermost in his mind, the pride and delight of each day that dawned. And now it was coming to a close! There was much that might still be done, he knew, if he dared to do it; but this duty — the simple duty of completing what others had left undone — was at length performed, and he shrank from attempting more than that. Good workman though he was, he had not the courage to do more than copy as accurately as he could what was already there. And if he limited himself to that, his occupation would be gone that day.

He sat down and looked upon his own handiwork with eyes before which there swam a mist of swift memories. His thoughts, of their own motion and by no wish of his, went back at once to the happy past — the days of his courtship, his marriage, the infancy and boyhood of the two sons who had been born to him. The keen, sweet scent of the cold stone and mellow oak, familiar though it was, called up before him to-day picture after picture, rising out of the uneventful years of peaceful toil and obscure faithfulness. At one moment he was looking down once more with a strange thrill of admiration on the face of the girl who was one day to become his wife, as she sat beneath the pulpit with wide, blue eyes upturned, listening to the new vicar's sermon; at another, he held her in his arms for the first time and kissed her lips. Now, again, with a heart full of gratitude and joy, before the altar rails of this very church, he was making his marriage vows over again, as he had done more than thirty years ago. She was so young and slight at that time, he remembered — so girlish, indeed, that at first he had feared that, even if she was not too beautiful, she was at all events too young for a middle-aged country clergyman like him; and yet, in spite of her youth and beauty, she had been dead now more than sixteen years — sixteen long and lonely years.

A thousand trifles, too, of which it seemed that he had never thought before, flooded his memory, and kept a smile flickering about the corners of his mouth. Speeches, looks, tones, gestures, groups formed by chance in the rooms of the vicarage or in the garden, recurred to him vividly and persistently, though he was



puzzled to know why such things should have lived in his memory at all. Now and again, a sigh escaped him; there had been difficulties and misunderstandings and cares even in his peaceful life, as in the lives of all men; but for the most part the past was pleasant to look back upon, and the present, in spite of the loneliness of his old age, was not all unkindly. His sons were prospering, and wrote cheerfully and hopefully of the future; and if they were kept apart from him, that, too, he knew was all for their own good. There was nothing but thankfulness in his heart as he bowed his head for an instant with the movement of one who says, "I am content." And then he lifted the skilled right hand, which looked so incongruously young and strong in comparison with the worn face, and bent for the last time over the work which had kept him happy and busy for so many years. Even if it had not been work that he loved, there is enough pathos bound up with the last time of doing anything to have saddened a heart so gentle and so tender as his.

At the coming on of twilight the sexton's wife came to the door of her cottage and looked up towards the church, wondering why the vicar had not left it yet. The child, clad in its little nightdress and snugly wrapped up in a blanket, was fast asleep in the big, hooded chair, and the mother stepped warily across the room from the other side of the fireplace and peered out. There was no one moving in the churchyard, and her eyes passed through the misty gloaming in vain from one opening between the gravestones to another. The clock in the tower was just chiming the hour of seven, and between the quaint wooden figures of Moses and Aaron, perched upon the screen which separated the belfry from the rest of the church, only the faintest afterglow of the sunken sun was stealing in through the western window. Low down in the sky there still lingered a wide strip of the deepest crimson, which rose upwards through every shade of orange and rose-color to those exquisite opal tints which weld the splendors of sunset to the pale green of an evening sky in autumn; but it was far too dark to work, and had it been as bright as noonday, the work which the vicar had to do was finished. Yet he sat there still, with a smile on his lips, and his hand still held the tool which under his guidance had made the last of the old pew-heads like unto its fellows. In the church which he had loved so long and adorned so reverently, at the stillest hour of that

still September day, the vicar had learned all that is to be learned of the love of God for those who have loved and trusted him.

From Longman's Magazine.

#### THE WILD FLOWERS OF SELBORNE.

ONE hundred years have passed away since Gilbert White was laid to rest in Selborne churchyard, and those years have been years of gigantic strides in the study of botany. In White's day botany as a science can be hardly said to have existed; and so it is not surprising to find that he considered it "needless work" to enumerate all the plants of his neighborhood. However, in the Forty-first Letter to Daines Barrington he gives a short list of the rarer and more interesting plants, together with the spots where they were to be found. It is the purpose of the present paper to compare the botany of Selborne as chronicled by Gilbert White in 1778 with what we know of it to-day. The writer is intimately acquainted with nearly every spot immortalized by the veteran naturalist; he has spent many hours, during a period of over ten years, in wandering about the fields and copses and hollow lanes of the parish of Selborne, and not the least-valued specimens in his herbarium once grew on that classic ground.

The most striking feature in the scenery of the parish is undoubtedly the Hanger, covered now, as in White's time, with beeches, the most beautiful, as he thought them, of forest trees. The zigzag path up the face of the hill is still crowned by the Wishing-stone, from which, in clear weather, a magnificent view of the surrounding country may be obtained; the horizon is bounded by the Southdowns, and the waters of Wolmer Pond gleam in the distance. In wet seasons, the soil of the zigzag being chalk, the path is so slippery as to be almost dangerous. In early summer the dog-rose puts forth its delicate blossoms, and the long stems of honeysuckle scramble over the bushes. Later on the autumnal gentian, or fellwort, may be found.

Down below, a little further along the ridge of the hill, may be seen, through a gap made by some winter storm in the dense forest of beech-trees, the house in which White lived. There it nestles in the valley, beneath the shadow of the "beech-grown hill;" altered, indeed, by

the hand of restoration, and enlarged considerably beyond its former dimensions, but yet, in part at least, just as the old naturalist left it. The wing which contained his study and bedroom remains untouched. The old staircase is still there. You may see the room in which he slept, with a heavy beam running across the ceiling, and the windows looking out on to the Hanger. Outside on the lawn stands the ancient sun-dial, while the brick pathway—four bricks wide—still runs out into the meadow beyond. This pathway formerly led to a summer-house, which unfortunately was allowed to go to ruin, and no trace of it now remains. Not far off, among the long grass of the meadow, the leaves of the wild tulip may at the right season be found, but it is many years since a flower has been seen. In the summer of 1780 a pair of honey-buzzards built their nest upon a tall, slender beech near the middle of the Hanger, and from the summer-house below White could watch them at their work. Here, too, the fern-owls or goatsuckers sailed by in the evening twilight; and one summer a pair of hoopoes frequented the spot. On the Hanger still flourishes, as it flourished a hundred years ago, though not in such abundance, the stinking hellebore, or setterwort. This handsome plant may often be seen in shrubberies and garden-walks, but in a wild state it is not often met with. In the good old times it seemed to be much sought after by those learned in the properties of herbs. "The good women," says White, "give the leaves powdered to children troubled with worms; but," he adds, "it is a violent remedy, and ought to be administered with caution." As late as 1845 a child died at Southampton from the effects of this so-called remedy, administered by its grandmother. The name "setterwort" reveals another curious use of this plant. "Husbandmen," says old Gerarde, "are used to make a hole, and put a piece of the root into the dewlap of their cattle, as a *seton*, in cases of diseased lungs, and this is called pegging or *setting*." Among the brushwood, on the top of the hill, there grew in White's time the *Daphne Mezereum*. This handsome shrub, with its pink, fragrant flowers, which appear in early spring before the leaves, may often be seen in gardens in the neighborhood, but on Selborne Hanger it is no longer to be found. The last plant has been removed into some cottage garden. The spurge laurel, with its evergreen crown of shining leaves and dark, poisonous berries, is everywhere abundant. In

the month of August, the sickly-looking yellow *Monotropa*, or bird's-nest, may be found in plenty under the shady beeches; and about the same time, or a little later, that rare orchis, the violet helleborine, will be in flower. This plant is, perhaps, to a botanist the most interesting of the Selborne flora. The trade of a truffle-hunter is all but extinct. Now and then a man comes round with truffles for sale, but not often. The last of the old race died not long since in a hamlet within a few miles of Selborne. A hundred years ago truffles abounded, White tells us, in the Hanger and High Wood. They probably abound now at the right seasons, but the supply from France having swamped the English market, the search for them has become no longer profitable. And so the profession of truffle-hunting is gone.

In the churchyard the ancient yew-tree, "probably coeval with the church," sheds its pollen in clouds of dust every spring. The trunk measured upwards of twenty-three feet in circumference in White's time; in 1823 Cobbett found it to be twenty-three feet eight inches; it has now increased to twenty-five feet two inches. This is among the largest yew-trees in Hampshire. On the north side of the chancel a small head-stone marks the spot where the old naturalist lies. His grave is in keeping with the beautiful simplicity of his life. No modern monument covers, with ostentatious vulgarity, his last resting-place; only a head and foot stone; on the former, under two feet in height, is inscribed the letters "G. W.," and the date, "June 26, 1793." Between the low, lichen-covered stones not even a mound is raised, but the grass waves about him, and the daisies blow.

From the churchyard a path leads down the Lyth, towards the old priory, about a mile distant. The priory was dissolved by Henry VIII., and not a stone of it remains. The site is now occupied by a modern farmhouse, known as the Priory Farm. In the garden a stone coffin may be seen, and a few encaustic tiles, but no further trace of the Augustinian convent meets the eye. The path down the valley is most picturesque, and was a favorite walk of Gilbert White. In one of his poems he thus speaks of it:—

Adown the vale, in lone, sequestr'd nook,  
Where skirting woods imbrown the dimpling  
brook,  
The ruin'd convent lies; here wont to dwell  
The lazy canon midst his cloister'd cell;  
While Papal darkness brooded o'er the land  
Ere Reformation made her glorious stand:

Still oft at eve belated shepherd-swains  
See the cowl'd spectre skim the folded plains.  
Now, as when those lines were written, the wild, everlasting pea climbs among the brambles of the hedgerow, and in the copse beyond the small teasel still grows in abundance, together with herb-paris, and orpine or live-long. Several species of orchis may be found in the meadow, including the green-winged orchis, so called from the strongly marked green veins of the sepals, and the twayblade. The curious bird's-nest orchis, with its tangled mass of short, fleshy root-fibres, supposed to resemble a bird's-nest, flowers in June beside the pathway, while just within the shadow of the trees sweet woodruff grows. Later on large patches of musk mallow will be out in the meadow. One plant, not mentioned by White, but now to be found in great abundance in a swampy piece of meadow land down the valley, is the bistort (twice twisted) or snake-weed, so called on account of its large, twisted roots. It is a handsome plant, with its cylindrical spike of flesh-colored flowers, and of rare occurrence in the neighborhood, and had it existed in its present locality in the last century, could hardly have escaped White's notice. Another plant not mentioned is the snow-drop, which blossoms freely every spring in a wood hard by. In the damper parts of the valley near the stream the common soft rush is very abundant; this is the plant which a hundred years ago was gathered for the purpose of making candles, the process of which is fully described by White in one of his letters. Here, too, the red spikes of *rumex* mingle with the white flowers of meadow-sweet and the purple blossoms of thistle and self-heal, while the air is full of the scent of water-mint. On the rising ground, in an open part of the wood which overshadows the valley, large patches of flowering willow are in blossom, and the large, rose-colored flowers make a fine show against the dark green background. The red, thread-like stems of the creeping cinquefoil trail all over the ground, and star the pathway through the wood with their showy yellow flowers.

The "hollow lanes" present an even more rugged appearance than they did in White's time. He then described them as "more like watercourses than roads, and as bedded with naked rag for furlongs together. In many places they are reduced sixteen or eighteen feet beneath the level of the fields, and after floods and in frosts exhibit very grotesque and

wild appearances." These hollow lanes are no longer used as thoroughfares, a new road to Alton having been made some years ago. In places it is hardly now possible even to walk along them, so overgrown are they with rank herbage. Here and there boughs of hazel, ash, or maple meet overhead, while coarse *umbellifera* and the tangled stems of briar and dog-rose block up the narrow way. In places the perpendicular sides, often eighteen feet high, are bare of herbage, and present a naked surface of white freestone, broken by the gnarled roots of pollard-trees, and split in every direction by the winter's frost. Where the sunlight can penetrate these gloomy hollows, flowers soon open their bright petals, and purple fox-gloves and the yellow St. John's wort lend color to the scene. In early spring the golden saxifrage blooms freely as it did a hundred years ago, and on the very spot where Gilbert White found the green hellebore the plant still maintains a flourishing existence. The tutsan, so precious to the old herbalists, may also be found in the rocky lanes, and ferns now as then abound. But though abundant they are confined comparatively to but few species; and the rare moonwort, which used to grow at Selborne, has not been seen for many years. At a turn in the lane a covey of young partridges arose and flew into the standing corn, and overhead a peewit attracted attention by its dismal cry. To the large upland fields, which are still ploughed by oxen, the stone-curlew, or Norfolk plover, returns every year and lays its eggs on the open fallow.

The forest of Wolmer, three-fifths of which before the formation of the parish of Blackmoor lay in the parish of Selborne, is full of interest to the naturalist. Though now partially enclosed and planted with oak and larch trees, snipe and teal continue to breed there in considerable numbers; and occasionally, especially in hard winters, rarer wild fowl are seen. White enumerates but few of the forest plants; he mentions, however, four as growing in the bogs of Bin's Pond. Of these, the round-leaved and the long-leaved sundew still exist in abundance; and the wiry stems of the creeping bilberry, with its bright red flowers and small evergreen leaves, of which the margins are always rolled back, may also be found, but not in any quantity; while the marsh cinquefoil has altogether disappeared. The fruit of the creeping bilberry makes excellent tarts, and in places where the plant is plentiful is much sought after.

At Langtown, on the borders of Cumberland, it is said to form no inconsiderable article of trade. Whortleberries—first-cousins to cranberries—known in the district as “whorts,” abound on “the dry hillocks of Wolmer Forest,” and are gathered by the gipsies and sold in the towns and villages. Hound’s-tongue, a stout plant with lurid purple flowers, and a strong, disagreeable smell like that of mice, grows in several parts of the forest; and in one particular spot a few plants of white horehound, covered, as its name suggests, with white, woolly down, and strongly aromatic—once a famous remedy for coughs—may be found, together with a few specimens of motherwort, a plant rarely met with in the neighborhood. In some places a North American plant, with perfoliate leaves, and small, white flowers, called *Claytonia*, after an American botanist, has established itself; and once a specimen of dame’s violet was found. In spring the pretty little Teesdalia covers the sandy heath; and on a bank the tower mustard grows, and the rare—at least about Selborne—hoary cinquefoil. On a “hanger” in a neighboring parish thousands of golden daffodils dance and flutter in the breeze every spring, and people come for miles round to gather them. At the foot of the Hanger, in a small, wet copse, the lungwort grows. This particular copse is full of it, but you

may search every other wood in the neighborhood in vain; you will not find it. The flowers somewhat resemble the cowslip, only their color is purple; some people call the plant the Jerusalem cowslip. Its usual name of *lungwort* is derived from the appearance of the leaves, which, being spotted, were supposed by the old herbalists, in accordance with the “doctrine of signatures,” to be a sovereign remedy for diseased lungs. As the knotty tubers of *Scrophularia* proclaimed it to be good for scrofulous glands, so the spotted leaves of *Pulmonaria* (from the Latin *pulmo*, a lung) showed it to be a specific for tuberculous lungs. Not far from the copse in which the lungwort grows is an old, disused chalk-pit, and in this pit the deadly nightshade is found. It is the most dangerous of British poisonous plants. The dark purple berries, as large as cherries, are tempting to children, and fatal cases of poisoning sometimes occur. This is supposed to have been the plant which occasioned such disastrous consequences to the Roman troops when retreating from the Parthians, as related by Plutarch in his life of Mark Antony. It is probably “the insane root” of Shakespeare, which “takes the reason prisoner.” Fortunately, it is a plant of rare occurrence, and when found is mostly in the neighborhood of ruins.

JOHN VAUGHAN.

EXPORTATION OF THE RUSSIAN FAMINE FEVER. — In dealing with the Russian famine, we pointed out the danger which other nations incurred. The famine, we urged, would in all probability engender plague and pestilence in Russia, and it was a question whether these evils may not travel further, and Russia become a centre of contagion that will spread to other parts of Europe or Asia. We did not think this evil prophecy would so soon be realized; yet this very week one of the Cunard steamers, the *Umbria*, has been refused free pratique at the port of New York. There were on board passengers from Russia suffering from the typhus fever that has been raging in so many parts of that country since the more general spread of the famine. The *Umbria* was put into quarantine, much to the inconvenience of all on board, and even the saloon passengers were not allowed to proceed to their destinations. The most severe measures of disinfection have been imposed. As the *Umbria* started from Liverpool, the passengers suffering from what seems like the

Russian plague-fever must have travelled in England while the contagion was going through the period of incubation, and before any precautions were or could be taken. When we consider that the Russians have no particular knowledge of the dangers of infection, that their education, such as it is, and their laws, do not tend to engender in their minds any sense of the duty they owe to the public in such cases, we may feel well-nigh certain that persons suffering from this highly contagious fever will be smuggled into or through England. While famine, religious and political persecution, drive so many Russians to seek refuge abroad, we must naturally expect that a certain proportion of these refugees will bring disease and the germs of disease with them. Therefore we come back to our original contention that the famine in Russia is not merely a local disaster and a local question. We are all more or less concerned and interested in it, and this not merely from motives of humanity, but because our own security is also at stake.

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